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PENTHOUSE[®] LETTERS

KINKY COUGARS

POOLBOY LEAVES
HER WET!

SWINGING

FIRST-TIMERS HOLD
SWAP MEET

SUCK A WHAT?

DIRTY GAL BLOWS HER
LOVER AWAY

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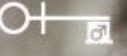
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18 CREAMPIE
VANESSA & DERRICK



36 OH MAMA!
COCO & RYAN



50 HUNGRY
SILVIA, DWAYNE & JAMIE

CONT

4. SALUTATIONS

Welcome to the magazine of sexual marvels, where your wildest—and dirtiest—dreams come to life!

6. KINKY COUGARS

Hot older women know what they want—and how to get it—and they're on the prowl for fresh meat. Watch out! These man-eaters can't be tamed!

26. SERENDIPITY

Sometimes being in the right place at the right time can spark a hot hookup. Who knew fate could be so fantastic?

42. EROTICA

ONE HOT SUMMER

A horny guy lives out his long-held fantasy of working at a resort known for its party-hearty staff—and sexually ravenous clientele. By Nigel Grand

58. SPOTLIGHT ON WIVES GONE WILD

STRIPPER NIGHT

Two wives cut loose while their husbands are out of town—and indulge in their passion for girl-on-girl sex. By Talia Robertson

74. TRUE CONFESSIONS

ON THE HUNT

When a husband's away his wife will play—with everyone and anyone who sparks her interest! By Lourdes Garcia

90. SWINGING & SWAPPING

Switch things up with these tales of couples who break the mold of traditional relationships. They're game to play the field and never fail to score!

100. SUCK A WHAT?

Everyone loves a taste of the good life. The men and women in these letters let their lips do the talking—and it's all dirty.



66 **GODDESS**
AMBER MARIE



82 **PARADISE**
SHALINA & RAUL



126 **SLEEK**
NAOMI SWANN

EVENTS



VARIATIONS

114. **S&M LETTERS**

A gal craves the firm hand of another woman, and a submissive gets schooled in kink by her domineering husband.

120. **FEMALE DOMINATION**

THE CONTRACT

A devious domme draws up an agreement, which enslaves her horny hubby, and her wicked friend joins the fun. By Richard Charbonneau

134. **WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS**

A guy treats his ticklish gal to some funny business, a man submits to two imperious beauties and a fence net fetishist gets caught in his woman's web.





SALUTATIONS

HOT DAMN!

SUMMER sun aside—it's always sizzling at *Penthouse Letters*. But this edition really turns up the heat as we dial up the debauchery!

Our mailbag has shown us older women are purr-fect lovers, and in Kinky Cougars, we showcase their mature charms—and the men who love them. The stars align for three lucky couples in Serendipity. The addition of partners old and new multiplies pleasure for the frisky folks in Swinging & Swapping. And tasteful tales about cock-hardening blowjobs in Suck a What? will sate many erotic appetites.

In our Spotlight on Wives Gone Wild, randy Talia Robertson hooks up with a girlfriend who has mesmerizing dance moves. Lusty Lourdes Garcia goes on the prowl for fresh meat in "On the Hunt," and in "One Hot Summer," naughty Nigel Grand gets a second chance at a sinful resort—and makes the most of his moment!

If you have a craving for kink, don't miss our *Penthouse Variations* offerings, which feature stories about S&M, foot worship, tickling and more.

Have you had a sizzling erotic encounter? Email your red-hot story to letters@penthouse.com, and you may see it in the pages of this magazine!

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TTER

KINKY COUGARS

EAGER BEAVER page 8

HARD DAY'S WORK page 11

PIECE OF CAKE page 15





EAGER BEAVER

The extremely hot older woman I'd been admiring had finally finished her glass of red wine. I'd sidled over to offer to buy her another, like I'd been waiting to do for 20 minutes. She asked my name. I was flustered and blurted out my nickname—and she laughed. I wanted to go crawl under a rock.

Crestfallen, I started to shuffle away from where she sat at the bar. Her hand came down on mine, clamping it to the wooden bar top. She was surprisingly strong.

"I'm sorry," she said. "That was rude. I've just never met a man who was named...Beaver." Her voice was cool.

She teased out the words in a kind of hypnotic way.

"My friends call me that. I don't much like my real first name," I explained.

Her hand was still on mine as she replied, "May I ask what it is?"

"Uh, Edgar."

"That's a lovely name. But if you prefer Beaver, so be it. I'm Nicole."

I asked if I could buy her another glass of wine. She peered at my beverage.

"What are you drinking?"

"Chai."

"I'll have that."

I ordered her tea, and just like that, we were sitting together, chatting and sipping chai. Up close she was still super-hot. She had a shapely body with nice tits and a face like a model's. She

was at least 15 years older than me, but that didn't matter. Or if it did matter, it only made me more interested. I was tired of head games with chicks my age. I wanted to know if older women really did cut through all the bullshit, since they knew exactly what they wanted.

It was fun talking to her. She was damn smart, very witty and had endless stories to tell from a life lived to the fullest.

I lobbed a few flirty lines at her, and she came back with better ones. A heat grew between us, and my cock stirred. By the time we were finishing our teas, she suggested we take our "tête-à-tête" back to her apartment. I decided not to embarrass myself by asking what a tête-à-tête was.

But there was something I had to ask:

"Why did you laugh at my name? Beaver. Was it because of the old TV show or the slang?"

Her sensual lips, which I couldn't wait to kiss, curled into a smirk as she said, "Oh, I was totally thinking pussy." Her eyes held mine, like she was waiting to see if I would take offense.

I didn't. I liked that she said pussy, like it was just an everyday noun. We got out of there and were at her place in ten minutes.

If I was wondering where things might go, Nicole put all that to rest by grabbing hold of me just inside her front door and mashing her lips against mine. Her tongue thrust forward and tangled lusciously with my own. It was as straightforward and determined a first kiss as any I'd ever experienced. We frenched like crazy for a solid two minutes.

Suddenly, she broke our lip-lock and said, "Naked. In my bedroom. Now."

I eagerly followed her down the hall. She shed clothing as she strode ahead—jacket, blouse, bra, skirt—until she was kicking off her heels and snapping her panties down her beautifully molded legs.

I fumbled clumsily at my own clothes and had to pause by the bed to finish stripping. Apparently, I was a touch too slow for her. As I was peeling off my shirt and toeing off my shoes, she knelt and yanked my jeans and briefs down my legs.

When my cock sprang out in front of her face, it didn't surprise her in the least. Half embarrassed and half insanely turned on, I gaped at her as she beheld my erect rod.

I felt her breath on my dickhead and shivered with delight. My cock got harder still, until it jutted out like a length of mahogany. Her nimble tongue darted out and flicked against my crown.

She stood, took my hand and guided me onto her bed. We lay down together. Her skin seemed to glow, a flawless landscape of erotic promise. Her breasts, free of her bra, were firm and lovely. Her body looked like that of someone half her age.

We clung to each other, and our mouths met again, the kiss fiercer this time. She squirmed against me as her hands roamed over my body. I caressed her back, down to where the base of

her spine met her ass. I squeezed each cheek appreciatively, and she moaned into my mouth.

My cockhead was still tingling from that single quick touch of her tongue. I wondered if she would go down on me. But that put a different thought in my head. When she broke our kiss again, I moved down to lick her throat, then shifted further and sucked her tits, flicking her responsive nipples with my tongue. She groaned with pleasure.

But my southward journey had only

"She took me fearlessly into her throat with a low moan that rumbled within my nutsac."

just begun. When I'd coaxed her nips to diamond-hard stiffness, I moved lower still. I kissed my way across her toned belly. She got the idea, rolling onto her back and opening her legs. I slid down between her thighs, loving how our encounter was progressing. No awkward negotiations, no unsure steps.

She draped her thighs over my shoulders, and I gazed on the glistening groove of her fur-capped pussy. Her beaver. I have to admit that all of the pussies I'd encountered previously were clean-shaven, but now it was obvious where this breed of beaver got its name.

I breathed on her, and she wriggled. Already I had inhaled her enticing aroma. I swiped my tongue along her slick flesh and got my first delectable taste of her. I trailed my tongue tip up and down her slippery furrow.

When I delved inside, her hips bucked.

"Yes!" she cried out. "Tongue-fuck me!"

No bullshit at all. I loved it. I drilled her deep with my tongue. Her flavor filled my mouth. She was pulsing and wet and so alive with excitement. She humped against my face, shameless—wonderfully

so—in her unabashed desires.

With her taste filling my senses, I next focused on her clit, which responded like a sexual panic button. I pressed it again and again until she was moaning loudly. Her wild sounds filled the air, and her legs tightened around me. With a final howl, a surge of her juice coated my tongue.

When I rocked back, she heaved forward. She grabbed my head in her hands and sent her tongue racing back and forth over my lips. She sucked her pussy juice off my tongue and grinned fiendishly. Incredible. I'd never had a woman do that before.

Next, I found myself on my back with Nicole squirming down between my legs. Her hand cradled my balls, sending pleasure racing through me. Then her mouth dropped onto my cock, and the ring of her sensual lips went straight down my shaft. I groaned, and my hips bucked, jamming my cock deeper into her mouth. She took me fearlessly into her throat with a low moan that rumbled within my nutsac and almost made me shoot my load.

But somehow I held on, so I could experience the full gamut of ecstasy. She was an amazing cocksucker. Her mouth gripped me with the perfect pressure. Her head bobbed at an expert rhythm. She deep-throated me with every plunge, and I wallowed in bliss.

She knew when to pull away. I grinned, looking up at her through an erotic haze as she climbed onto me. My spit-wet cock awaited her. She impaled herself and took me up into her molten core. Her movements were sprightly. She worked like a gymnast, all light, flexible muscle and agile joints.

Her palms planted themselves on my chest, and she ground hard on me. I thrust up into her, matching her tempo. Excitement was skittering all over my body. Every centimeter of my flesh buzzed with a gathering elation. Her face rocked above mine. I saw the telltale signs of age there, but there was nothing off-putting about them. She had lived. She had earned those subtle laugh lines.

She was beautiful, and we were fucking. The simple blunt reality of that swept me up. The night had been so candid, so honest.

A great shudder wracked her body.



She wriggled wildly atop my cock, and I almost tumbled with her into that orgasmic wonderland. When the waves of pleasure faded, she scrambled off me. She lay on her back, wantonly leering up at me, and ordered, “Pump your come into me!”

I mounted her and began stroking away, holding nothing back. I repeatedly slammed down onto her, drilling my cock all the way. Her cunt clenched me at her deepest point. Her smooth, wet heat grasped me. My whole being was sent into overdrive.

Our bodies smacked together. Our scents filled the room, a carnal fragrance of excitement and fulfillment. Her body rocked, meeting my plunging cock. My balls slapped her flesh.

The age gap between me and Nicole meant nothing and everything all at

once. She possessed the experience and emotional centeredness I had been unconsciously looking for all my adult life. I had only ever been with women my own age. But those thoughts went flinging away. The primal sexual event brought heat into my eyes, so that my vision went wavy. My balls tightened, and a final tension snaked through my body until a ragged cry came from my mouth.

Beneath me, Nicole thrashed and grabbed a bonus climax. Her writhing motions accompanied my ultimate moment. My jizz shot out of me with huge, powerful spurts. Each spew was like some great god-hand taking and shaking me, bringing forth my deepest pleasures.

What I mean to say is: It was one fuck of an orgasm!

When the last bolt of spunk was shot,

I lay atop her and she put her arms around me. She tenderly kissed my temple.

Brimming with happiness and gratitude, I murmured, “That was fantastic. Nicole, I love that you don’t do bullshit like girls my age.”

She seemed to know what I meant and answered, “Well, Beaver, bullshit is a two-way street.”

In that simple statement, I heard truth. I told her, “You’re smart—and call me Edgar.”

Lying there, a new excitement kindled in me. I was still balls-deep in her pussy.

“Age brings wisdom, Edgar.” She must’ve felt my cock slowly re-stiffening inside her because she smirked and added, “But youth has stamina!”

—E.Y., Denver, Colo.

HARD DAY'S WORK



Over the summer before I graduated from college, I had a few different casual gigs that allowed me to coordinate work with my demanding schedule of classes. I delivered pizza, did landscaping and worked off the books for a local pool company that served residential and commercial customers. Given that our area had relatively nice weather year-round, most of the affluent residents had outdoor pools and jacuzzis, so the demand for service was constant.

One Saturday morning, I went on a house call in a beautiful gated community. It was a neighborhood that was new to me. As I turned off the main road, I approached a palatial mid-century home at the end of a cul-de-sac. It was the kind of house worthy of a movie set. I parked my truck near the driveway and unloaded my cleaning equipment. A stone path lined with lush landscaping curved around the side of the house, leading to a patio and pool area. On cleaning day, gates are generally left unlocked in anticipation of our arrival, so I easily opened theirs, propped it open and brought in the equipment. I didn't expect to find anyone home—in my experience, the people who lived in these sorts of houses often remained pointedly invisible. Many were also vacant vacation spots with their owners staying elsewhere.

To my astonishment, this home was occupied—by an attractive older woman who was sunbathing topless in a tiny black string bikini. This brunette goddess had full breasts with beautiful dark pink nipples. She lowered her sunglasses and looked right at me, her striking eyes sizing me up.

I was so startled that I almost tripped on the pool skimmer. I stammered, “H-hello, I’m so sorry...they told me to come this morning.”

Without missing a beat, she smiled at my flustered state. She gestured to the pool and said, “Don’t mind me. You go ahead and do your thing.”

“OK. Yes, ma’am,” I replied.

I did my best not to stare at her as I walked past. Still, I felt her eyes roving over my body. In that moment, I was grateful for my baggy cargo shorts, which concealed the erection which had formed at the sight of her middle-aged but still gorgeous body.

“Ma’am! I sound so old when you call me that.”

“I-I didn’t mean to imply,” I stuttered. “I mean, you don’t look—”

“I’m just playing with you,” she said, laughing heartily. “Relax.”

I nodded and walked closer to the pool. My cheeks felt hot. I must’ve been blushing fiercely. I felt a little mortified and really wished I could hide in the bushes.



"What's your name?" she called out.

I cleared my throat and looked back at her as I said, "Steven."

"Nice to meet you," she said with a smirk. "You can call me Myra, Steven." And then, the goddess known as Myra reached for a bottle of sunscreen and decorated her rack with white streams of SPF, which she sensually massaged into her breasts.

My poor dick felt like it was ready to bore a hole through my shorts. Unable to tear my gaze away, I just stood there and yammered, "Oh—OK, will do, Myra."

She leaned back against her chaise, adjusted her sunglasses and instructed,

and closer to her. When I looked over again, I saw her hand was still beneath the black mesh triangle of her suit, moving faster and faster as her hips rocked. That was when I accidentally dropped the brush's handle, causing it to clatter against the concrete.

She stopped and looked dead at me. Yep, this time she definitely knew I'd been watching her.

Myra pulled her hand out of her suit and slipped her wet fingers between her lips, tasting herself.

I couldn't believe this was really happening to me. However, I screwed up enough courage to say to her, "Hey,

throaty moans, which were just as arousing as her peep show.

Myra teased her entrance with her fingers and looked me in the eye as she said, "Get out your dick, and show me how you jerk off."

Abandoning all inhibitions, I unzipped and hauled out my cock. Desperate for release, I manhandled my meat.

"I love it," Myra crooned. "That's a nice college boy cock. Come closer, and let me get a good look." I obeyed, trying hard not to shoot too soon. "Very nice, Steven. Let me see you work it."

I used slow, steady strokes to help me last as long as possible. Meanwhile, Myra looked on encouragingly, diddling her clit with one hand and fingering her hole with the other.

"Look at you go," she said in a low, breathy voice.

"Fuck yeah, I'm so hard."

"You want to put that cock in my pretty pink fuck hole, Steven?"

"Yes," I pleaded. My breathing was ragged. "I'd do anything to fuck you," I confessed.

That must've been the mental encouragement Myra needed to make herself come. She fingered herself faster until she cried out and her beautiful, mature body quaked with the power of her climax.

Tension was building for me, too. The pleasure of watching her had nearly pushed me over the edge.

Myra took her fingers out of her pussy, showed me her glossy digits and asked, "Want a taste?"

I groaned and gently took her fingers between my lips. As I sucked off her sweetness, I felt her hand land on my dick.

"I think you're ready for me now," she purred.

I couldn't believe this was actually happening!

"You wanna fuck?" I asked.

"You bet I do."

With that, she turned over, so she was straddling the chaise and demanded, "I want it doggy-style."

"Yes, ma'am—Myra. Whatever you want."

Her gorgeous ass took my breath away—as did the sight of her beautiful pink pussy peeking out from between her thighs. If that wasn't enough, she reached

"She fingered herself faster until she cried out and her beautiful, mature body quaked."

"Don't forget to scoop up the leaves. The last guy left a mess."

"Y-yes, of course." I turned around to tend to the pool, and once again, I narrowly avoided tripping over my equipment. I struggled to focus on non-sexual things—like chlorine tablets and making sure I put enough of them in the tiny floating dispenser.

I started with the brush, working my way around the walls of the pool. I took small steps as I made progress on my task, and when I was facing Myra once more, I thought as long as I didn't look up, I'd be fine. But, of course, I couldn't not look up.

From the far end of the pool, her lounge chair was a reasonable distance away. But it was obvious that Myra was still topless—and that one of her hands was inside her suit bottom! I looked back down and kept working on autopilot.

Given that she was wearing sunglasses, there was no way for me to tell if she caught me staring. It hadn't occurred to me that maybe she wanted me to watch because none of the girls I knew were even remotely that direct.

My heart raced as I stepped closer

would you like some help?"

Myra looked pleased and said, "You catch on pretty quick, Steven." She motioned for me to come closer, so I dropped everything and rushed to her side. "Tell me, do you like watching?" she asked.

I nodded and said, "Yeah. But I've never seen a woman masturbating in the flesh."

"No?" Myra tilted her head. "I guess girls your age are shy about showing you what they like." She untied the strings on her bikini bottom and peeled it away, revealing a neatly groomed landing strip and beautiful, bare labia, which were visibly wet.

"Wow," I said, "you have a beautiful pussy."

"Thank you. But there's so much more to see."

"Oh yeah," I murmured as I stepped closer.

Myra reached down and parted her lips, giving me a graphic lesson in all the mysteries of female pleasure that had eluded me back then. She drew lazy, wide circles around her clit that got smaller and faster as she honed in on her tender nub. She released deep,



around and spread her lips for me.

Praying I would last long enough, I got behind her. I took a moment to tease her by sliding the head of my cock up and down her slick vulva. She wiggled her hips impatiently.

A nuclear bomb could have gone off, and it wouldn't have stopped our lusty coupling.

I pressed the head of my dick to her warm, wet entrance and gradually inserted my rod. I felt her muscles clench down on me and realized it was going to take plenty of stamina to satisfy her.

"That's good, Steven," she gasped. "Nice and slow...and then raw and wild."

I squeezed her ass. I pulled out and then re-entered her, hard and fast. With

Myra moaning and encouraging me, I pounded her harder and faster.

She reached down and rubbed her clit as she demanded, "Give me all that cock. Can't you see how fucking horny I am?"

I focused on getting into a rhythm that was hard and fast but sensual. I made sure I reached around and plucked at her nipples.

At her insistence, we changed positions. She lay down on the chaise and put her legs over my shoulders.

"Keep rubbing that clit for me," I hissed, slamming into her to the hilt. I felt her muscles clench down on me again.

"Oh fuck! Oh yeah!" Myra cried out. She inhaled sharply, and I felt her

orgasm hit. Her body quivered, and her pussy contracted. There was no turning back for me either. I gave in and exploded deep inside her.

When I pulled out, thoroughly drained and milked dry, Myra had a coy smile on her face.

"All good?" I asked.

"You were great, baby." She gave me a kiss on the forehead. "Same time next week?"

"Absolutely."

"Good. But do make sure you get the leaves. I don't want my husband to switch pool companies now."

"Yes, ma'am. I'll do it right," I promised. And I did—all summer long.

—S.P., Miami, Fla.





PIECE OF CAKE

Travis showed up when I was back at work after a week off. I caught him looking at me again. He was buying a cake. It was the fourth he'd purchased at the bakery counter that month. He was the designated shopper for his workplace's parties—or so he'd told me.

"Your admirer is back," Sheri said to me, failing to contain her laughter.

"He's not my admirer," I whispered.

I tried to brush off her comment, but there was a light, fluttery buzz in my stomach—and it was because of Travis. Young, hunky Travis.

"Don't give me that shit," Sheri said. "He showed up last week when you weren't here, and I told him you were off for the week. Not only did he not order or buy a cake, he didn't show up again—until today. Stalker."

"He's not a stalker," I argued, even

though I knew she was just teasing.

"If you say so," she replied with more laughter.

"I'll go wait on him," I said, shaking my head.

"You do that."

I'd been divorced for almost a year. Both of my kids were away at college, and I had time to kill. There was nothing wrong with flirting. Travis was probably 30 to my 50, but I didn't care.

"What can I do for you, Travis?" I asked.

He smiled, and his eyes slid along my form appreciatively. As far as I was concerned, he never passed the line into creepy. When he studied me that way I always felt like a work of art. It was never weird to me.

My big tits and erect nipples are always attention-getters, and that day was no different. I stood up straighter.

"Another birthday at work," he explained. "I need vanilla with vanilla frosting. Kind of boring." He shrugged.

"But what are you gonna do?"

I shrugged in an exaggerated way to highlight my hefty tits. I spotted a renewed gleam in his eyes and knew my flirtatious gesture had been received.

"Everyone should get what they want on their birthday," I said.

He paused and studied me for a moment, and somehow that simple expression shot straight to my pussy.

"Funny you should say that," he said, sounding more bold than he ever had. "My birthday is Friday."

I had to think about what day it was. Friday was two days away.

"Happy early birthday," I said.

I grabbed a vanilla cake with vanilla icing—we had plenty premade—and scrabbled around for my piping bag.

That's when Travis said, "What I would like for my birthday is for you to go out with me. Have a few drinks. Eat. See what happens."

"That's what you want?" I answered.



He nodded, watching me intently. His lips were lush, his eyes bright, and I found myself suddenly wanting to kiss him. And more. So much more.

"It is," he replied.

"Well," I said, "you know where to find me. I get off at six."

"I'll be here," he promised.

Heat flushed my cheeks, my nipples spiked even harder and a shiver worked its way down my spine.

Holding the piping bag, I asked, "The name?" His look of confusion made me smile. "For the cake?"

"Oh, Holly. The name is Holly."

I finished, and he paid and left. He'd barely stepped out the door when Sheri

young stud was truly overwhelming.

Travis shut his door, and I turned to him before I could lose my nerve.

"My apartment is about five minutes away," I blurted out. "Happy birthday, by the way."

He laughed, and then softly asked, "Do you want to go to your apartment?"

I slid my hand up his thigh, letting my fingertips brush his crotch. I found my calm and my nerve and said, "I would. Very much. But it is *your* birthday. What do you want?"

"You. Let's go," he said.

It seemed my bravery was about to pay off.

Inside my front door, I dropped my bag and took his hand. I tugged him directly to my bedroom.

I told him, "Look, we can go have drinks and grab some food and whatever you want. After." He grinned. God, he was even more handsome when he smiled. I continued, "You've been flirting with me for a long time. And I'm ready... Like ready, ready."

I pulled my tee over my head, undid my bra and let my heavy breasts fall free.

His big, dark eyes studied me.

I had a moment of spontaneity as I wiggled out of my black pants and white undies and sang, "Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday to you." Completely naked, I stepped closer and sang on: "Happy birthday, dear Travis."

I took his hand and pushed it between my thighs, so he could feel how hot and wet my cunt was for him. He cupped my pussy, and I pressed my tits to his chest. His fingers curled against my mound, finding and nudging my clitoris.

Our lips met, and our kiss was hot and long and as exhilarating as I'd always hoped it would be. I walked forward, which forced him to move. When the backs of his legs hit the bed, he sat. I pushed him, and he fell back willingly. Working open his belt and undoing his pants, I continued to hum his birthday tune. I yanked off his socks and shoes. Then I tugged down his boxer briefs and pants, yanking off the whole shebang. He impatiently tugged off his shirt; I guess he wanted to help.

Straddling him, I was careful not to rest my cunt on his cock. I wanted to draw out the anticipation and make him suffer—in a good way—for just a moment

or three. I wriggled, so he could feel the heat and the wetness of my crotch on his skin. Dragging my fingernails down his chest and then his belly, I watched him fight to stay in control of his emotions.

Then I encircled his cock with my hand and started to stroke him.

"Did you get what you wanted for your big day?" I asked.

All my nerves and worry had fled. Now I was horny and in control, which was a brilliant position to be in.

"So far, yes," Travis said, watching me avidly. "But I'm hoping for more."

I scooted down his body, letting him feel my skin on his skin. Then I slid my mouth down his long, hard cock until my lips brushed the base of him.

"Jesus," he said.

I smiled around a mouthful of dick. I sucked his cock in earnest, licking and caressing him until he was literally quivering atop my bedcovers.

I cupped his balls, gave them a lick, and then teased him as long as I could. When I couldn't stand waiting a minute longer, I sat up fully, moved up his body and sank down onto his eager member.

Travis reached for my tits. I let him squeeze them a few times and pinch the nipples, then I grabbed his hands and pinned them against the mattress. Working my hips, I leaned down low, pressing my chest to his chest. He kissed me desperately as I ground my crotch against his.

He bucked beneath me, trying to gain some kind of control. That was fine. The swift uplifts of his hips jammed his cock deep inside me.

"That's good," I sighed. "It's good when you do that."

He groaned and replied, "I had no idea you'd be so..."

I kissed him again, licking his lower lip before giving it a sharp nip.

"Fierce," he gasped.

I repeatedly rotated my hips, getting him everywhere I needed him. My internal muscles quivered around him, and he made another breathless sound.

"I feel fierce. I feel hot and sexy and horny as fuck," I said, picking up my pace.

He met me thrust for thrust as I charged closer to climaxing.

"Don't come just yet, birthday boy," I ordered.

My breast bounced as I moved, and

"I licked and sucked his rod, taking my time as I pushed my lips down his shaft."

said, "You're so getting laid!"

"You don't know that," I insisted, but just talking about the subject was making me squirm.

"Oh, I totally do."

On Friday, I punched out, and when I stepped out of the employee lounge, Travis was waiting for me, as instructed.

He was tall and handsome with a dark beard covering his youthful face. He grinned, and the handsome sight sent a jolt of arousal right to the center of me.

I knew Sheri was right behind me, but I did my best not to turn and look at her because I knew she'd be grinning like an idiot, and I'd want to die from embarrassment.

After leaving the shop, we headed to his car. The whole electric energy of finally giving in to my attraction to this



I leaned forward, brushing one nipple against his lips. He sucked on the pink nub of flesh, then nipped it. That bite sent a warm sensation straight to my pussy. I clenched around him intentionally, eliciting another moan.

"Do it again," I said. I moved to brush my right breast against his lips. He did the same—once more licking me, sucking me and biting me.

I clenched around him again.

"Fuck, fuck," he chanted softly.

"Yes," I said. "We are. Finally!"

His hips bucked up, jamming him fully inside me. My young hunk dragged his hard cock along my tender insides, nudging my G-spot perfectly.

In seconds, I came. The shock of my climax rocked me. I clenched his wrists hard enough to make him hiss hotly, then I let go, sitting up straighter as I snapped my hips to get every moment of bliss from my orgasm.

I moved off his lap quickly, feeling the sudden absence of his hard rod. I licked a hot line down his belly, nibbling his body as he shifted and jittered. I braced my forearms on his thighs to still him. I sucked the tip of his cock into my mouth, running my tongue along the ridge beneath his crown. He tasted of sweat—and me.

His fingers tangled in my hair, tugging slightly as he confessed, "I've been fantasizing about you for months, but nothing comes close to reality."

I licked and sucked his rod, taking my time as I pushed my lips down his shaft. When his pelvis rose, I pushed down on him—forcing him to let me be in control. His breath rushed in and out of his throat—fast and frenzied.

Increasing my pace, I sucked on his tip, while working my fist up and down his slick shaft.

"I'm going to come," he growled

helplessly. "I'm going to come."

He seemed to be waiting for me to back away, but I didn't. I kept him in my mouth, jerking him off as his orgasm hit, and he flooded my mouth with warm cream. His fingers were in my hair again, chaotically petting me as I swallowed his load.

When I moved up to face him, I could tell both of us were satisfied.

—D.W., Des Moines, Iowa

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SERENDIP

IN THE BAG page 28

A NOVEL IDEA page 31

HOME COOKIN' page 34



ITV



IN THE BAG

My retro bag, which I'd checked for my flight, came around on the baggage carousel. My thoughts were already far away from the airport as I mentally prepared for the next morning's client meeting. So when I snatched up the distinctive luggage, my mind didn't register that it was a little lighter than it should have been.

I was in a cab, heading for my hotel, when I wanted something out of my bag. I intended to be ready for my meeting. The client was someone my firm really wanted to sign. If I secured the deal, it would make my

reputation. Also, I really liked the art the dude made.

Opening the bag, I had a moment of disorientation before I realized that none of the items belonged to me. Moreover, the underwear neatly folded in there was of the feminine variety.

"Shit!" I said out loud.

The cabdriver asked what was wrong, and I said, "You have to turn around, I'm afraid. I grabbed somebody else's bag." I felt stupid, but the bag did look exactly like mine, which I'd picked up in a vintage shop. The odds of there being two of these around at the same airport on the same day in the exact same color scheme...

I couldn't even imagine those odds.

I only hoped this wasn't some weird omen. Everything could go to shit that night, so long as the next day went smoothly.

I went in and explained my situation to someone in a uniform. A fair amount of runaround ensued, just short of pratfalls and slapstick, but eventually the comedy of errors was resolved. A woman had already informed airport personnel that her bag was missing, and that a bag in the very same design as hers was in baggage claim.

I was escorted to the other party. I started apologizing immediately, the words tumbling forth—but the whole time I was struck by how lovely the woman was. Her figure, hair and face

all hit some sweet spot of attraction for me. Under different circumstances, I would have probably asked her out for a drink.

Janice waited patiently throughout my apology, a soft smile on her rather sensual lips. When I ran out of breath, she fixed me with bewitching eyes and said, "I have to know. Where did you find your bag? I thought I had the only one!"

I told her, and she simply nodded at the coincidence.

By that point, the airport personnel had abandoned us. I'd handed off her bag and picked up my heavier one. We were walking together to the exit doors.

I had felt a spark jump between us. She was smart and funny, and exuded a beguiling sexuality. But I had my client meeting and prep work to do. I was steadfast. At least, I was until Janice said, "Will you come have coffee with me?"

We were in her city, and she brought me to a cool café, where we talked some more. When I told her the name of the artist I was hoping to land—a minor breach of professional etiquette—her eyes popped.

"Oh I love his work!" she gushed.

That did it. I was hooked. If this improvised "date" of ours went any further, I would be helpless. I'd have to go along with whatever fate had in store.

Suddenly, she was looking at my bag, which was sitting next to me in the booth, and that sweet smile was on her lips again.

Dreamily, she said, "It's insanely ironic, isn't it?"

"What?" I asked, feeling something monumental was coming. I was excited and nervous.

"That we have the same taste in luggage, and I'm about to ask you back to my place."

Her eyes met mine, and my cock stirred in my slacks.

Off to her place we went, two strangers with an odd but undeniable connection. Chance had put us together. Fate plainly wanted our connection to happen. And I was seething with desire for her.

We set our identical bags down just inside her apartment door.

"Try to remember which one is yours," she joked.

I started to chuckle, but she stifled the laugh by pressing her lips against mine.

The kiss started slow and a little cautious, then melted into a deep probing. Our tongues came into play, and her lips mashed against mine. I had her in my arms. Her soft body seemed to pulse with passion in my embrace. She pressed hard against me. Her thigh went brazenly between my legs

**"She sucked
me right down
to where her
hand was tenderly
caressing my nuts."**

and rubbed against my bulging groin.

Excitement lit up my being. I felt her stiffened nipples—even through her top. She moaned deep in her throat. We were both shivering with anticipation.

"Come to the bedroom," she said hoarsely before leading me there.

In the room, she undressed. I watched for a moment, absolutely captivated by the sight of her bare body as it came into view. She was beautiful, with generous tits and cock-hardening curves.

I stripped, and my dick sprang free. She boldly took hold of my erection, and I moved as she towed me by my member up onto her bed. The feel of her touch was deliciously electric. Her fingertips played over my throbbing shaft. We lay down side by side.

My hand cupped her luscious breast. I caught her erect nipple between two knuckles and squeezed. She wriggled, pleasure dancing across her face. She threw a leg over my thigh and rubbed her damp groove against me.

We kissed again. The feel of all her bare skin against mine was wonderful.

I smelled the rising aroma of her excitement and felt myself oozing a dewdrop of pre-come as she continued to fondle my cock.

I kneaded her other tit, tweaking her nipple with extra pressure. Her fingers fisted my cock and started pumping me. I moved a hand between her silken thighs and teased the dripping cleft of her pussy.

I was about to go down on her. However, she apparently had the same idea as me but moved quicker. She pushed me onto my back and squirmed her way down my body. Her lips dotted kisses along my torso, then she was nestled between my legs. I cradled her, pressing my knees along her sides as she gently scooped up my balls in her hand.

She exhaled her hot breath on my straining staff. Her tongue slowly swirled around my cockhead. She licked up a droplet of pre-come from my rigid rod, then her lips sealed around me. Her soft, cinching mouth dropped down my cock. She didn't hurry but didn't once pause, either. She sucked me right down to where her hand was tenderly caressing my nuts, which added to my already outstanding pleasure. She held me like that for a moment, my cockhead well into her throat, then she set off to truly suck me.

It was almost as beautiful to watch as it was to experience. The sensations were fantastic. She kept up a perfect rhythm and pressure as her head bobbed.

My own head dropped back onto the pillow, and for a timeless stretch, I only knew the pleasure of her mouth. The bedroom walls melted, the ceiling turned to clouds and a sexual mist lay over me. It was only when her head came up—and the bedroom air touched my spit-wet cock—that I realized I had broken out into a serious sweat.

I took advantage of her pause. This was our first time together, me and Janice, and I didn't want to just shoot off in her mouth. I sat up and maneuvered us around, putting her on her back. Shouldering apart her thighs, I settled between her legs and gazed upon her gleaming pussy. Eagerly, I put my tongue to her. She responded immediately, jerking her hips. I lapped



at her furrow, then wormed my way inside, parting her lips and getting a taste of her nectar.

She squirmed wildly, and I pulled back. I ate her hard, lapping at her clit until she was seriously thrashing. She grabbed hold of my hair, and when she yanked, I didn't mind because it signaled her climax. As she came down off her orgasmic high, I slid my hands under her ass cheeks, lifted and tilted her, and brought my tongue tip to her asshole. I flicked it against her rear opening, and the touch of my tongue definitely kicked her into a higher gear.

Janice sprang at me, and suddenly I was on my back. She mounted me, forcefully jamming her pussy onto my cock. She slammed down on me,

rocking the mattress beneath us. I grabbed her hips and thrust up into her, but her downward lunges were so strong and fast I could barely keep up with her.

She pounded me like that, her tits bouncing, her body flexing and her skin shining with sweat. Another climax soon shook her. But sexual momentum was still carrying her along. She climbed off me, spun around onto her hands and knees, and faced away from me.

I didn't need her to tell me that she wanted to be fucked from behind.

My hands shook as I laid them on the sweet globes of her ass. I slowly slid my cock into her slickened cunt, teasing her with the briefest penetration. I wanted to take my time,

fucking her with deliberate ease, but Janice had a different plan.

With a furious grunt, she rocked back and impaled herself all the way, taking my dick balls-deep into her pussy. I fucked her, stroking into her forcefully, and then picked up speed. I soon felt myself go into a shuddering overdrive. My balls spanked her as I banged her box.

When I came, we were both thrashing around so much I wasn't sure if she snuck in yet another climax!

We cuddled afterward, but then I had to go. I took the right bag on my way out. But I was so very glad I'd taken the wrong one earlier.

-T.P., Portland, Ore.

A NOVEL IDEA

The main wing of the mall was full of people waiting to meet their favorite authors and get their novels signed. The bookstore's manager had set up a special area a short distance from his tiny shop. I knew the place would be crowded, but I had no idea it would be so packed!

My line was moving the slowest; I was queued up for one of the most popular authors there. When I glanced down toward the area that branched off toward the food court, I caught sight of her. Penny.

I briefly thought I'd imagined her—as if she were a sexy mirage. I'd met Penny at the bookstore about two years earlier and developed an instant crush. Before I left my job at the mall, I'd popped in the place weekly, hoping my luck would change and she'd be a single woman.

It hadn't occurred to me that she'd be involved with that signing event—or that she'd even still be working at the store. She'd talked about transferring to another location, and I'd always assumed she'd followed through.

I tried to wave at her, but she didn't see me. She was trying desperately to corral people toward the correct lines depending on who they were there to see.

My line advanced, and I shifted forward, sparing a backward glance toward the woman whose memory I'd jerked off to more times than I could count. Just seeing her stunning profile, her long dark hair and her curvy body, set off all of my X-rated fantasies again.

My heart was pounding in my chest, and my dick was starting to swell.

I got closer to the front of the line, holding my hardback under my arm. My focus was definitely split, and I continued glancing back. I kept catching just enough of a glimpse of her to keep my cock partially hard.

I was only three people away from the signing table when a hand landed on my shoulder and slid slowly down my back. Goose bumps sprang up on my arms,



and I shuddered slightly.

"Hello there, stranger," Penny said.

I tried to play it cool and replied, "I noticed you earlier, but I figured you were busy. I was going to find you once I was done."

Her eyes were alight. I tried to keep meeting her gaze, but I failed. She shifted her posture, and I was tempted into looking at her luscious body, which was just as incredible as it had been years ago.

"Well, you better come find me. I'll be closing the store to customers soon. This massive group signing gave us a big rush, but all the action is out here."

She gestured with her hands as she spoke, causing her breasts to bounce. My cock twitched at the sight of her jiggling tits.

I don't know what made me do it, but I reached for her hand and gave it a squeeze. Maybe a bit too intensely for the gesture to be considered platonic. She stepped closer to me, but a second later, it was my turn to get my book signed.

"Come find me," she whispered in my ear, and then she was gone.

Obviously, I was tongue-tied and distracted during my time with the writer. But he smiled pleasantly and politely signed my book.

Then I hurried off like my ass was on fire to find pretty, pretty Penny.

She was in the store and about close the cage. I ducked underneath the half-opened gate, which she pulled down behind me.

"Closing all alone?" I asked hopefully.

"Yup," she said with a nod. "My coworker wanted to get her own book signed. So I told her to shoot her shot and sent her along."

"How have you been?" I asked, trying to sound normal and calm.

Penny hit the lights to darken the store, and when she turned around, she brushed her body against mine and kissed me. I responded instantly, pushing her back against a counter and kissing her roughly. My hands slid into her hair, and I cupped her head as I nipped her lower lip.

"Single," she murmured into my mouth. "I've been single."

"Thank fucking God," I said. I pushed my hand up her inner thigh, hearing it

rasp noisily against her jeans.

She moved her legs apart. I wedged the side of my hand up against her pussy and rocked it. I swear I could feel the heat of her want through the fabric.

"I think we should go in the back," she whispered.

"Lead the way."

She did, and I followed willingly.

Once we were in the manager's office, Penny shut the door. Next, she popped the button on her jeans and yanked them down and off. She stood before me in a T-shirt and tiny white

"I inched closer to climaxing. I soon came with a violent shudder and a deep groan."

panties. She was breathtaking.

"Still interested in me?" she asked. But the look on her face told me that she already knew the answer.

"Fuck yes," I responded. "I've fantasized about you for years."

She hiked herself up on the desk and spread her legs. She pointed at her crotch with one finger, and I found myself obeying her unspoken suggestion as if under a spell. I sat in a nearby chair and pushed my face against the damp crotch of her panties. I could smell her intoxicating pussy. I pressed my lips harder against her undies and nudged her plump folds and clit through the cloth.

"Take them off. Take them off, please," she whispered.

I leaned back, and when she lifted her hips, I tugged the lingerie down. Wrestling a bit, I finally got her panties off. I dropped them on the floor, pushed her thighs apart and nuzzled my face against her wet center.

Her clit was engorged. I sucked her swollen button and slid a finger inside her, curling it against the upper wall of

her pussy. I lapped and sucked, then gently nipped that knot of flesh.

"Another," she said, groaning.

I was confused for a moment then realized she meant fingers. I slipped a second digit inside her. Her hand clamped down on the back of my head as I ate her pussy and finger-fucked her. I had indeed fantasized about this very act, while vigorously jerking off. All alone in my apartment, I'd come with staggering force while imagining being right where I was at that moment.

She pushed on my head harder, urging me onward by pumping her hips as she got closer and closer to her climax.

I slipped a third finger inside her, moved my digits slowly, and worked her right up to the edge. When she came, she clamped her thighs to the sides of my head and my face was slick with her juices.

I could have died happily right there. But fortunately, I didn't.

With flushed cheeks, Penny said, "Stand up."

I obeyed. She turned her back to me and pushed her ample ass against my raging boner.

"You should take your clothes off," she said over her shoulder. "At least the pants."

Before I did as she suggested, I slid my hands up her torso, cupped her breasts in my hands and squeezed her tits. When she moaned, I pinched her nipples, which made her squirm.

"Pants! Now!" she barked impatiently.

After toeing off my shoes, I quickly got rid of my jeans and boxer briefs.

Penny planted her hands on the desktop, stepped back a bit and arched her back. She spread her legs, and I was mesmerized by her bare ass and thighs. By her mere presence.

"Fuck me," she said. "I feel like we've been dancing around this for ages."

Because we had.

"I can't believe I ran into you," I murmured. "I can't believe you still work here. I can't believe—"

She interrupted me to say, "I can't believe your cock isn't already inside me."

That smart-ass remark snapped me out of my stupor. I grabbed her hips, slid my dick along her slippery folds, and

then plunged myself inside her.

She rose up on her toes, let her head hang and groaned. Her drenched pussy clamped around me tightly. One of her hands slapped the desk repeatedly as I thrust into her. I almost laughed, but then she clenched her cunt around me again, and nothing about that was funny.

Penny forced her body back against me, her skin slapping mine as she took my cock deep and fast.

I ran my thumb over her asshole. She gasped and stilled, and a fine line of goose bumps erupted along her lower back. I stroked her again, eliciting another gasp from her. She suddenly surged back against me, forcing my dick farther into her and pressing my thumb more intensely against her back hole.

I nudged the tip of my digit into the star of her ass. She moaned again in appreciation, once more moving her body back against me.

"You like that?" I demanded, wanting to hear her say it.

"Yes," she gasped.

"Tell me," I said, sinking my thumb deeper.

"I like that. I like when you do that."

So I went for it. I fully buried my digit inside her back hole and felt the driving force of my cock rocketing in and out of her cunt. The pressure and the combined penetration seemed to please her. She resumed slapping the desktop.

The rest of our coupling was a flurry of motion and sensation. Every time I thrust my dick into her, I inched closer to climaxing. I soon came with a violent shudder and a deep groan.

"Let me go. Let me face you," she said.

I backed up and let her turn. She was splayed there on the desk with her legs spread, and I took the hint. I once again licked her pussy and finger-fucked her sloppy cunt as she shivered.

"Yeah, yeah, just like that," she said as I continued eating her and reaming her.

Her hands came down on my head as her hips shot forward. I was nearly smothered by pussy, but what a way to go!

I licked and lapped, and she exploded in a rippling orgasm that milked my fingers.

I was about to pull away when she begged, "One more. I've waited so long. Give me one more."

The desperation in her voice made my deflated cock twitch back to life.

I forced my way back, and she let me go. I stood, pushing her legs up high and insinuating myself between her thighs. I entered her quickly, and I rubbed her clit as I fucked her in a steady rhythm.

Penny urged me on with words of encouragement, but her voice soon faded as she was hit by the climax she'd requested.

My own explosion was fast and intense, as things you've long waited for tend to be.

Though our chance encounter was one for the books, I hoped it was just the beginning of our story.

-H.S., New Orleans, La.





HOME COOKIN’

High school graduation was the last time I’d been in my hometown. That was a full decade ago. This year, though, my sister is getting married, and my usual excuses to avoid going back weren’t going to cut it. I was tapped for all sorts of pre-wedding nonsense. That’s how I found myself standing at the curb outside of my old city’s airport before dawn—stranded because of a sudden taxi strike.

Could I have called my family? Sure. Did I want to? Not really.

I weighed my options. Turning around and flying right home—my current home, that is—came to mind, then someone called my name: “Riley!”

I turned around and nearly smacked into my high school boyfriend, who’d clearly just flown in from who knows where.

“Theo!” I screeched.

It had been a long time since I’d last seen him, but my pussy still had a sort of Pavlovian reaction to his presence. One whiff of his scent—a mix of spicy sandalwood and crisp wintergreen—and my cunt was already wet.

When I mentioned I’d be around for a while—and casually remarked that my hotel room wouldn’t be ready for a few hours—Theo invited me to grab some breakfast with him. But I politely declined.

“At least come to my place for a cup of coffee then,” he suggested.

Jackpot. That sounded a lot more appealing than sitting in a diner—because I had an appetite for something other than food!

Thirty minutes later, we were standing in his kitchen watching the sunrise as a percolator bubbled away on the stove.

Theo shut the range and softly said, “I miss you, you know. Everyone does.”

The words hung in the air between us like fog.

I shrugged and said, “I’m here now.”

Something shifted between us, and the atmosphere of the room changed. I opened my mouth to speak and clear the tension, but Theo cut me off with an unexpected kiss. One that took my breath away.

Theo’s lips on mine opened the floodgates. That passionate lip-lock caused memories and emotions I’d long suppressed to bubble to the surface.

He was wearing a button-down shirt, which I hurried to open as quickly as I could.

It sure didn’t feel like ten years had passed. In my mind, I was transported to the bed of Theo’s old pickup, listening to the strains of the town’s Top 40 station blaring from the truck’s tinny speakers.

While I rolled Theo’s shirt over his shoulders and down his biceps, he was busy opening the buckle on his belt.

A surge of excitement coursed through

my veins. It spurred me forward, urging me to move faster, so we could get to the good parts. I dove beneath Theo’s hands and ripped open the zipper on his work-worn jeans. By then, he had gotten his belt out of the way, leaving nothing to keep the pants from falling past his muscular thighs.

Finally, all that remained was his boxers. The pattern adorning the fabric was new to me, but I saw that Theo still favored the same loose-fitting style he’d worn so many years ago. The material was tented at its center, stretched to capacity by a towering tumescence I couldn’t wait to get my hands on.

I popped open the single button that secured his fly and reached in to free his impressive erection.

“Yum, yum,” I whispered. I looked up at Theo and asked, “Mind if I have a lick?”

He gulped hard and nodded before admitting, “I’d like that. Please do.”

I was charmed by his unshakeable country manners. Even with a raging hard-on, Theo remained impossibly polite. Of course, I made it my mission to break through his respectable veneer—one devastating lick at a time.

Theo kicked off his sneakers and shimmied the rest of the way out of his pants before hopping up onto the counter.

I held the base of his dick in my fist and lowered my head until my lips were but a whisper away from his crown.

“I am so glad you found me,” I said in a voice trembling with arousal.

I released a hot puff of air, and I knew Theo felt my teasing heat because a strangled groan escaped his lips.

“Do you like that?” I asked. I directed my question at his dick, so my flirtatious words would treat him to another warm burst of breath.

“Yes! Yes, I like it!”

Theo’s typical composure was starting to slip, which gave me a thrill. He combed his fingers through his hair and sucked in a shaky breath.

“Riley,” he groaned.

I could tell he wanted to say more, but I’d already driven him to distraction. Theo had long been my erotic muse, and for the first time in a long time, I was feeling seriously inspired. I swiped my tongue along the full length of his rod and sucked him down until my lips grazed his taut balls.

“Holy moly!” he shouted.

Disappointed that his words were still

G-rated, I calculated my next move. Theo wasn't much of a cusser, but I wanted to make him swear like a sailor.

Cradling his junk in my hand, I ducked lower and lapped at the sensitive swath of skin below his balls.

"Jesus, Riley!" he panted.

I felt a subtle throb in his steely cock. Instinctively, I smiled but there was no time to rest on my laurels. Theo scooted forward as if begging me for more with his body language. He was perched on the very edge of the counter, which gave me a wicked idea. With a little maneuvering, I was able to wriggle my tongue between his cheeks and swipe his asshole, which made him shout, "Holy fuck!"

You learn something new every day. Apparently, an unexpected rimjob was all that it took to make Theo instantly fall to pieces. I filed away that tidbit of information and hoped I'd one day need it again.

My mouth watered as I lapped at his asshole, my tongue liberally painting his rear opening with saliva as he continued to moan my name. I was attempting to wriggle into his backdoor when stopped me.

"You drive me wild," Theo growled as he slid off the counter. He pulled me up and pounced, leaning me against the kitchen island and trapping me between his two muscular arms. "It's my turn, you dirty girl!"

Then he kissed me. It wasn't a frenzied expression of pent-up lust like our earlier smooch. This one was a deep, probing declaration of inextinguishable passion.

When I moaned, Theo's tongue slipped between my lips to tangle with my own. He stroked me in the most intimate manner, evoking incendiary memories of our previous amorous encounters.

Just as the atmosphere of lust clouding the room threatened to swallow me up, Theo broke the kiss and slithered down my torso. He nuzzled my mound, and his nose even grazed the top of my clit through my thin spandex lounge pants.

"You smell like heaven," he sighed. "Even better than I remembered." His callused fingers curled around the waistband of my pants. "I wonder if you taste the same."

I countered, "There's only one way to find out."

Younger Theo might have chided me for my saucy reply. This man, though, held himself with an air of self-assurance that wouldn't waver, especially not when there was a hot, wet pussy to be had. He had

better things to do with his mouth than to spar with me, a fact for which I would become very grateful.

Theo whipped my pants down my legs and tossed them somewhere near the sink. Then he confessed, "I still crave you sometimes."

I couldn't help myself and replied, "Have your fill then."

As he knelt before me, he looked up and locked eyes with me for a brief moment before turning his attention to my skimpy undies. He steadfastly pulled them down my hips and off my legs until I was naked from the waist down—with the exception of the flats on my feet. He leaned forward and planted a cunt-tingling kiss on my clit.

"Oh God!" I gasped in anticipation of the pleasure that would soon come.

"He drove two fingers into my pussy and pumped, pulling a raw moan from my throat."

Age and experience had enhanced Theo's oral abilities considerably. I'm not often rendered speechless, and yet he'd managed to make it happen. As his tongue rolled over my clit, all words escaped me.

He drove two fingers into my pussy and pumped, pulling a raw moan from my throat. My hips bucked as my cunt demanded more friction—and more pleasure—from Theo's lips. It was an instinctive response born from an insatiable need.

Driven by an appetite that would no longer be ignored, he matched my eagerness with a wanton sensuality of his own. His tongue repeatedly traced circles over my clit, while his pumping digits diligently sought my G-spot. He massaged me from the inside out, stoking the fire that raged between us until my climax washed over me and dragged me under. The sudden burst of pleasure temporarily silenced me, and I grabbed hold of my breasts as if they could keep me tethered to Earth.

I gasped and ultimately found my voice, chanting, "Theo, Theo, Theo!"

After so many years of never allowing his

name to fall from my lips, it seemed to be all I could say at the moment. It sounded so good hearing his handle spoken in my own sultry voice.

He lifted his head and licked his pussy-flavored lips as he told me, "I'm not done with you yet, darling."

Gloriously naked, Theo hurried from the room for a moment. In no time flat, he returned with a condom which he rolled over his rod. I jumped up, sat on the counter and spread my legs wide. The crown of his latex-covered cock was circling my pussyhole, thoroughly coating itself in my freely flowing honey.

I was impatient and pleaded with him to fuck me. I wrapped my legs around his waist and locked my ankles at the small of his back, pulling him closer.

"Don't make me beg!" I said.

I bucked my hips toward him, and he reached under my thigh to hold his cock and direct it at his soupy target. I began to hum the melody of our favorite makeout song from so long ago—but Theo sealed his sensual lips over mine and swallowed my serenade.

I tasted my own essence on his tongue.

He started pumping his hips, pistoning his dick in and out of my molten cunt, and suddenly, nothing else mattered.

Years of untended affection were channeled into that passionate encounter, making it a lifelong memory.

I knew it wouldn't be long before another orgasm hit me, and Theo seemed to be on the verge of blowing his load, too. He fucked me hard, and one of my hands flailed along the counter, knocking a canister of kitchen tools to the floor. The spatulas and spoons hit the tiles just as we found our release together—offering a burst of sound to go with our internal explosions.

After our final orgasmic spasms faded, Theo enveloped me in his arms and whispered, "Stay with me."

So I did—for the rest of my trip, that is.

—R.H., via email

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OH MAMMA!

THE SITTER FALLS FOR RYAN.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIKE QUASAR







“SHE’S MY GIRL CRUSH!”
—COCO





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A woman with dark hair is shown from the side, sitting on a dark leather chair. She is wearing a black leather harness with multiple straps and buckles across her back and shoulders. Her hands are clasped near her face. The background is a blurred indoor setting with a wooden floor.

EROTICA

ONE HOT SUMMER

A horny guy lives out his long-held fantasy of working at a resort known for its party-hearty staff—and sexually ravenous clientele.

BY NIGEL GRAND





During my senior year of high school, I'd turned 18. So by the time summer hit, I was already a legal adult. Of course, I'd naturally been looking forward to being a grown-up. More, though, I had been anticipating that summer. I wanted it to be epic!

My excellent grades had gotten me a scholarship to a good college. My higher education future was pretty well mapped out. But that summer I didn't have academia on my mind. I was all pumped up to go to a resort 40 miles away on the coast for the next few months.

The resort was a kind of go-to place for high school grads in our town who wanted to make some fast money. The place always needed extra help in the summer. The resort also had a delicious reputation as somewhere that an eager young buck could work all day and party all night—and encounter plenty of

vacationing women who were looking for a fling.

The rep of the place was legendary. And no doubt the myth was overblown—but you couldn't have told 18-year-old me that. I'd been dreaming of going all spring.

I went to my parents and told them my plans. I can still feel the anticipatory grin that stretched my face as I made the first true independent decision of my lifetime.

"Sorry, Nigel. But no," my mother said.

Just as vividly, I remember how crestfallen I felt when they explained, rather gently, that they didn't think it was safe. I had never been away from home for any extended period. If I wanted a job, there were plenty in town.

Their decision devastated me. I think I said about five words total to my parents during the following week. It was so unfair! But eventually, I figured out in retrospect what they were truly afraid of: that I'd stay on at the resort and forget about going to college. I suppose there was a slim chance that might

have happened—but it was a very slim chance indeed.

Mostly—and secretly—I had wanted to go to the coast to get laid. Those leftover fantasies still twirled in my head that summer, but they were colorless, unrealized dreams.

So, instead, I pouted away the summer, went off to my new school in the fall, and became an academic success all over again. I got the education I needed to secure myself a very good job. While at school, I also matured sexually and got myself plenty of pussy. I met women who were into threeways, had my first anal experience and got my cock sucked so much I couldn't walk across the quad without seeing two or three chicks who'd energetically swallowed my jizz.

All in all, it worked out brilliantly in my favor.

So why was I now, several years later, thinking of taking a sabbatical from my job and sneaking off to that same resort's cattle call to look for work?

Maybe because the past is never completely done with us—especially if there's lingering disappointment. And despite my success, I still wondered what that one special summer might have been like if I'd been allowed to pursue my dream.

I needed a redo.

Fortunately, I had enough clout with my company to leverage a sabbatical. Back at my condo, I changed into comfy beach-bum wear, packed a light bag, arranged a ticket to the coast and lit out.

Soon, my old excitement was in me again. I was unmarried and not in any kind of serious relationship. Being away from my job, I felt freer than I'd been in a long time. That sense of liberty buzzed inside me. I saw everything in sharper focus, like the whole world was magnified for me.

That exhilaration naturally had a sexual component to it. I felt as horny as hell on the flight, as well as anxious. But that nervousness only increased the energy humming within me. My cock threatened to tent my baggy shorts. I hoped the man sitting next to me on the plane hadn't noticed. He probably didn't as he'd fastened his gaze resolutely to his laptop's screen for the entire trip.

It occurred to me on the cab ride along the coast road that I didn't really know how—or if—the place and its clientele had changed.

It also occurred to me that showing up there by way of a \$60 cab ride from the airport was out of character for the type of person I was attempting to portray. I had the cabbie let me out and walked the last few blocks in the heat, so I'd look a little more grungy when I arrived.

Luckily, the vibe was the same as when I'd previously fantasized about working there. A cluster of prospective employees gathered at a small building. We filled out applications. I was aware that I was the oldest, but I wasn't ridiculously old for the job—though I was definitely overqualified.

The interviews were quick. They needed people for general maintenance. I told the woman behind the desk, "I'll muck out the stables if you want." I got hired on the spot.

Twenty minutes later, I was working.

The exhilaration stayed with me. The sun was bright, the sea air intoxicating. The resort wasn't too hoity-toity, and I liked my coworkers, who were a

rambunctious lot. One, a woman named Beth, said to me, "We're getting together after shift. Come along." She was nice-looking. I thought I saw a sparkle in her eye for me.

In the late evening, I clocked out. The experience was so unlike my actual job, but in good ways. There was no pressure, no need to think, and the environment was fun. I already felt like I was fitting in.

The get-together was in an old cabana that guests didn't use anymore. Beth welcomed me when I showed up. More people arrived, and she slipped away. But I promised myself I'd catch up with her again.

I mixed and mingled. I told nobody my real backstory but listened attentively

"She was a lustful creature—beautiful, raw and with bottomless want roaring through her."

to everybody else's. They were full of youthful exuberance, quick with grins, laughs and torrents of foul language. I had a great time.

At some point, I ducked out for some air. The stars blazed overhead. The guests were back on the resort grounds. The surf lapped the beach. I wandered out onto the sand, absorbing everything. I felt tension easing in me that I hadn't realized was plaguing me.

I stopped at the crescent line the waves had left in the sand and gazed out on the undulating ocean. I saw a shape emerging from the water. A figure glistening in the starlight was coming more or less toward me. That was when I noticed a towel spread out on the beach a couple of yards away.

It was a woman, striding up the mild slope. Wet hair clung to her. She moved

with such natural grace. She was also totally—and gloriously—nude.

My running away might startle her, I thought a little inanely. So I stood rooted there as she came closer. I couldn't tell if she'd seen me. Her gait didn't alter.

She was gorgeous. Granted, the romantic heavenly light and exotic setting would have given anyone's appearance a boost. But this woman was model-hot. Her breasts were ample, and her legs swung smoothly. A surge of desire hit me, seemingly as strong as the waves slapping the shore.

She stopped short of her towel. Something in her posture told me she'd seen me.

"Hello there," she finally said in a level voice containing a purr of humor.

I quickly responded, "I'm sorry. I was just out walking, not looking for naked women." I winced at my own words, then hastily added for some reason, "I work here. At the resort."

She made no move to cover herself. She was near enough that I could see her prickled flesh and her stiffly erect nipples. But I could only dimly make out her face, which nonetheless gave the sense of being as elegant as the rest of her form.

"What's your name?" she asked.

Was she was going to report me or something? I decided not and answered her question honestly.

"I'm Karla," she responded, tacking on her room number—like it was her last name. "I am rather tired from my evening dip. But if you're interested—and your duties permit—do stop by my room tomorrow evening. Say around ten? I hope to see you there."

With that she strode forward again, going past the towel and coming boldly right up to me.

"Ah, yes, I see you are interested." With that, she reached out and softly batted my crotch with her fingers. My cock, which was seriously tenting my shorts, pulsed in response to her contact. I hadn't even been aware of sporting such a blatant hard-on.

After that, I did turn and go. But I was ablaze with lust, my mind churning with the next night's possibilities. I repeated her room number in my head like a mantra. I didn't return to the employee gathering. Beth, I felt sure, would manage just fine without me.



The next day I worked like a plow horse. The resort was a big and busy with lots of moving parts. I wondered how many of the younger employees around me had come there from my hometown.

Finally, the evening rolled around. Beth accosted me in the hallway outside the staff quarters. She boldly pushed up against me and gave me a sexy, pouting look.

"Where'd you disappear to last night? I was hoping we could..." She let her words trail off, an unfinished sentence brimming with possibilities.

Beth was attractive, but the image of Karla walking nude out of the frothing surf in the starlight had burned itself into my brain. I planted a kiss on my colleague's forehead and slipped away.

By the time ten o'clock arrived, I was anxiously second-guessing myself. I knew what Karla had said—but had she meant it? Maybe she was just some bored guest playing games with the help. Had she even given me the right room number?

This wasn't the confident attitude I brought to my real job. These were the worries I might have had as an 18-year-

old. Somehow I really had gone back in time! I grinned at this notion as I walked up to Karla's room. Excitement buzzed in my bones, and my cock was already twitching.

I knocked. After an excruciating pause, the door was answered. Karla stood there.

I'd seen her naked. What could top that? But she was dressed in true finery, an elegant dress, hose, heels and jewelry. She flashed me an assured smile.

I was still dressed like a beachcomber. "Are we going somewhere?" I asked, my voice catching.

She put out a hand with lacquered nails and drew me inside, shutting the door behind me. She oozed a kind of grandeur. This was her at her totted-up best. But why put on this display for me?

She answered like I'd asked the question out loud: "I want you to know what you're getting." She twirled out ahead of me, giving me a full look at her. She was upscale. She wanted me, a resort worker, to appreciate the class of woman I was about to nail.

With that she undressed. The whole

ensemble came off, and desire crackled through me. She had a big room with a big mattress. She stood beside the bed with her skin gleaming and her body as perfectly molded as I remembered. With her hands on her hips, she waited.

I flung off my rags and went to her with my cock bobbling stiffly ahead of me. She didn't act the least bit aloof now. I was suddenly in her arms. Her plush tits were pressed to my chest, and my cock was rubbing against her tight belly. Her mouth came for mine, and her kiss was hungry and urgent.

Still standing alongside the bed, our bodies ground together. The feel of her flesh was exhilarating. She was so smooth, but so firm. She squeezed my ass as I manhandled her tits. Her nipples stood out like bullets. Her body trembled as her tongue tangled crazily with mine.

We tumbled together onto the bed. Lust nearly consumed me. I was as alive with physical passion as any young buck. I broke our kiss and sucked her stiffened nipples. She responded gratifyingly, arching her back and making mewling sounds.



Karla might've been high-end, but the woman obviously liked down-and-dirty sex. When I nibbled her nipple, she bucked and howled. Her flailing hand caught hold of my oak-hard cock and squeezed it fiercely. She started pumping my shaft, and pleasure wracked my being.

I licked the soft undersides of her breasts, and she liked that, too. Then I was moving further down her body, following my instincts. I flicked my tongue over her navel, to make her squeal, then I shifted down between her legs. I kissed her silken inner thighs, breathing in the sweet aroma of her aroused pussy.

By the time I brought my lips to her wet snatch, her body was quivering. She humped up hard against my face as I lapped hungrily at her folds. I parted her lips with two fingers and wriggled my tongue into her. Her flavor was intense, and my tongue tingled with the taste.

I pulled back and went for her clit. Her nub was swollen and waiting. She let out a feral growl as I swabbed it with my tongue. I teased her button and even grazed it with my teeth. That final act put her over the top, and she came with a helpless moan.

Sitting up and looking down at her, I saw her veneer was gone—any and all of the trappings of her station in life had vanished. I guessed her to be an exec of some sort or an attorney. But at that moment she was a lustful creature—beautiful, raw and with bottomless want roaring through her.

"You're good at eating cunt," she said. I could tell she relished saying "cunt." Next, she sat up and added, "Let me show you how good I can suck your cock."

I lay back on the mattress, and she hurried into place. My dick pointed toward the ceiling, and she dove in to swirl her tongue around my cockhead. Muscles jumped randomly in my body as new waves of pleasure washed over me.

Her lips closed around my rod, and her mouth descended. She sucked me right down to my balls, deep-throating me like a porn star. I groaned helplessly.

Karla bobbed her head up and down, hitting the perfect rhythm. Her tongue rasped against my shaft, inducing further pleasures. Her cheeks were flattened around me as she maintained an impressive suction. The look of utter rapture on her face told me how much she was enjoying our interlude.

"Yeah," I said hoarsely. "Yeah, suck my cock. Suck it good!"

My words seemed to turn her on even more. She blew me even harder, pushing me toward the edge. But she sensed my extreme arousal and paused, taking her mouth off me and looking at me with blazing eyes.

"Do you want to come in my mouth? Or do you want to fuck my pussy?" she asked.

She clearly got a kick out of giving me a choice. This was all extremely fun for her. She was cutting loose from all the niceties of her usual life.

"I want to slam your pussy," I said. "I want to pound that cunt."

I swear her body quivered like a taut bow ready to shoot its arrow. She scrambled onto her back and opened her legs. I took a little extra time moving into place, to build her anticipation. I didn't begrudge her any games she might be playing. After all, I was having a hell of a lot of fun, too.

When I plunged into her, I wasn't gentle

she bounced under me. The bed shook as I slammed into her pussy, rearing her deep every time. She whimpered helplessly, and encouraged by the sound, I hammered onward.

I wanted to watch her climax, and I got to see it. Her lips parted on a silent cry that soon became a ragged, needy sound. Her hands went out on either side of her, and she clawed at the sheets. Her legs cinched my waist fiercely as she shook, shuddered and thrashed.

When she blinked her way back to reality, she realized I hadn't come yet.

"Fuck me from behind!" she panted. Karla quickly uncoupled herself and flipped over onto her hands and knees. She cranked her head back over her shoulder and demanded, "Do me hard!"

I moved quickly into place. My hands gripped her hips, and I jammed my cock back into her warm, wet hole. As soon as I started pummeling her pussy, I knew I'd go over the edge soon. Excitement had reached its crescendo in me. I needed my release. I needed to spunk.

"Excitement had reached its crescendo in me. I needed my release. I needed to spunk."

about it. Plainly, she wasn't after gentle. I staked her deep, fairly pinning her to the bed with my cock. Her cunt embraced me with its sweet, slippery grip. Her legs came up and wrapped around my waist.

I hit bottom and let her feel the full dimensions of my cock, then I began to stroke in and out of her clutching canal. She immediately mirrored my tempo, rocking her hips up to meet my downward thrusts. She was showing me the primal animal she truly was—the persona she couldn't reveal in her regular life.

Maybe she had a lover—or lovers—back home. Maybe even a husband or wife, though she wore no ring. Whatever, that night she was mine, and I was hers—her plaything, her fully functional erotic toy. It was a role I was happy to play.

I started coming down on her harder. Our flesh smacked together loudly, and

But I tried to wrench one more orgasm out of her. I pounded her from behind, my balls spanking her clit in a frantic rhythm. I held on, biting my lip. I heard a cry rising from her, going up and up the scale until she hit that lovely orgasmic note. I felt her shaking with another climax.

In fact, she quaked so hard she came loose from me. No problem, though. I was already shooting my load. But instead of coming inside her, I sent gooey jets all over her ass and back.

"Yes!" she shouted. "Come on me! Come on me!"

I never did tell Karla the truth about my life. I'd only stayed at the resort for two weeks, but I'm happy to say Beth and I hooked up before I left!

It was the summer I had always wanted—and needed.





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SPOTLIGHT ON WIVES GONE WILD

STRIPPER NIGHT

Two wives cut loose while their husbands are out of town—and indulge in their passion for girl-on-girl sex.

BY TALIA ROBERTSON



My husband had some parting advice for me before he went out of town on business. I was wondering out loud what I should do while he was away. Obviously anxious to get going, Rick hurriedly said: “I don’t know. Go see some male strippers.”

I love Rick, always will, but I knew part of his eagerness to take this trip was to get away from me. Marriages, even good ones, build up static electricity and annoying background noise over time. Sometimes the two parties need to have time apart, to reset and regroup.

He was going away with his friend and business partner, Derek. Derek was married to a woman named Gwen. We four had spent time together, socializing and having barbecues. Rick and Derek were tight—a “bros forever” kind of thing—but while I was on friendly terms with Gwen, we’d never been exactly close.

With the place to myself and silence settling in, I decided to touch base with her. Gwen was a go-getter, though, and I figured she would have plenty on her plate, even with Derek gone. Compared to her, I was definitely the quiet type.

I was going to text her, but I phoned instead. To my surprise, she picked right up.

“Talía! How nice. What’re you up to? I’m already bored out of my gourd. Want to do something tonight?”

It took me a few seconds to catch up with her words. I hadn’t expected such a response. I almost told her I’d just called to check in, that I wasn’t really up for anything. But that seemed stupid. It had been ages since I’d last gone out on the town without Rick.

“I’d love to do something.”

“Any ideas?” Gwen asked.

A bell went off in my head, and I replied, “Rick suggested I go see male strippers. I know he was just being a smart-ass, but what about that?” I couldn’t believe my boldness. Needless

to say, I had never seen male strippers in the flesh in my entire life.

“That sounds awesome!” she crowed.

With that, there was no turning back. Gwen found a club in the city where guys got on stage and peeled it all off for the ladies. I got myself ready for the evening’s adventure. My nervousness turned into anxiety, then a little bit of panic. I wondered what the hell was I doing. Rick surely had been joking. He’d likely be shocked to know I was out ogling some other dude’s jiggling junk.

Then again, it had been his idea. And as much as he needed a break from me, I needed one from him. That night would surely recalibrate my emotional state and get me ready to take up my marriage once again with full wifely vigor.

When we got to the club, it was noisy, crowded and vibing with a kind of shrill desperation. Gwen and I jostled our way to the front. Harsh spotlights were aimed at the stage, where a lanky and not particularly attractive dude was trying to keep rhythm with the



pounding soundtrack.

Around us, women shrieked with what seemed like fake glee. Eyes wide and mouths open, they ranged in age from early 20s to middle-aged. Many had put on what was likely their naughtiest clothes—lots of leather minis and tight bustiers. But a sense of fraudulence persisted.

Nothing on stage warranted their outpouring of merriment. However, these women were determined to be “bad girls” for the night. I couldn’t really begrudge them. Gwen and I were kinda doing the same thing.

The crowding had me jammed right up against Gwen. From the first time I’d met her, I had thought her quite lovely. She had a fine face, pert breasts and a generally attractive figure. Once I’d remarked on this to Rick. He’d shrugged and said, “Gwen looks a lot like you, babe. Derek has said so, too.” I had blushed at the compliment.

We were forced to buy drinks as part of our admission. I sipped something grossly overpriced and oversweetened. A duo of men came onstage and gyrated, flinging away specially designed clothing until, like the first dancer, they were down to jockstraps. The pair spun around, exposing the firm globes of their bare asses.

The women continued to bray like they were watching a cage match. I felt a little embarrassed for them. A trio danced, showing a little more skill. Finally, for the finale, a half dozen buffed males trouped out before us and launched into an elaborate routine. They were—to my taste—too muscled, with swollen pecs and washboard abs that didn’t even look real.

They went down to jockstraps, then, after a big build-up, tossed those away and danced buck-naked for the audience’s delight. Limp cocks dangled and bobbed under the glaring lights.

“Well,” Gwen said in my ear, “if they can’t be bothered to get hard-ons, don’t expect me to.” I laughed raucously. She added, “Let’s get out of here.” I gratefully fled with her.

It was still early, and I was enjoying Gwen’s company.

“I’m not ready to call it a night,” I admitted.

“Me either. Hey! I’ve got an idea.”

Her idea was this: We go to another strip club, but one where women danced. That struck me as just the right kind of decadence.

I halfway expected we would be turned away at the door or that the clientele would be affronted by our presence. But the doorman ushered us in with a smile. The waitresses fawned over us, and a table of businessmen immediately bought us a round of drinks.

The club was professionally run and had comfortable spaces for the patrons. The music wasn’t ear-splitting, and the air-conditioning kept the temperature pleasantly even.

Two women were dancing onstage, but they were categorically more talented than any of the lunky men we’d witnessed

**“Shamelessly,
I plunged two
fingers into myself.
We masturbated,
watching
each other.”**

earlier. The pole princesses spun and floated, using their gorgeous bodies to trace fine erotic physical art through the air. It was almost like ballet. Granted, both girls were down to G-strings, and they routinely thrust their naked breasts toward the crowd, but they were a lovely sight.

“This was a great idea,” I said, smiling at Gwen. I felt a connection to her that hadn’t been there before. I believed she was now someone I could truly call a friend.

She returned the grin. Her face was a little flushed. She said, “That girl on the right—damn she’s hot! What do you think?”

I thought both dancers were pretty. But I sensed a tone in Gwen’s question—something a bit raw, maybe even a tad

dangerous. She seemed to be asking if the stripper turned me on!

“She’s, uh, cute,” I confessed, somewhat nervously.

Gwen barked a laugh and told me, “Tits like those aren’t just cute. They’re phenomenal. They deserve to be sucked and nibbled on.” Gwen’s face blazed brighter. “I’ll bet her pussy tastes like nectar.”

I gasped. Gwen was coming out to me, and I wondered if her husband knew about her proclivities. I was suddenly all aflutter. Confusion and a strange unexpected excitement passed through me like a fever chill.

Gwen put her hand atop mine and confided, “Before Derek left town with your husband, he told me: ‘Gwen, if you’re feeling any of those lesbian urges I know you get, feel free to indulge them.’”

My jaw dropped. Their marital arrangement seemed outrageous to me. Yet at the same time it was completely logical and practical. I had just had no previous clue about Gwen’s sexual appetites.

Her warm hand was still resting on mine. A peculiar heat was licking up through me. In my head, there came images of Gwen and her favored dancer, naked and writhing together. I’d never done anything sexual with another woman, but in that moment I could vividly envision the lusty particulars. They would suck and lick and finger one another...

“Talia, would you like to come home with me?” Gwen asked. “We don’t have to do anything. But, well, I would really like to strip for you.”

Our crazy night just kept getting wilder!

Gwen’s offer hung between us. My heart beat fast, and my breath came in short pants. In those fraught urgent seconds, I made my momentous decision.

“I’d like that,” I said, and then we left.

I’d been to her and Derek’s place many times. I’d even briefly stepped inside their bedroom, but never in an erotic situation. The air was charged. I moved as if in a daze. At the same time, I was keenly aware of everything, especially the stunning seductress who led me into the room and shut the door behind us.

“Sit,” she said, pointing to the bed. I silently obeyed. My throat was tight.

Gwen thumbed up a playlist on her



phone. Music started thumping out of speakers in the bedroom. She got into a pose, still in the black dress and heels she'd gone clubbing in. She shot me a look, her eyes glittering with dark fire. Her lips were pursed. An intense physical confidence radiated from her, even before her first move.

Suddenly, she went twirling. Her moves were lithe, and the hem of her dress rose as she spun. She worked her limbs and rocked her hips. She kept perfect balance in her heels. I'd had no idea she could dance like that.

She unfastened the back of the dress with a motion that looked like part of her routine. She rolled her shoulders, and the fabric slid free, spilling down her back and arms. With another graceful movement, the black dress was around her waist. She did a neat bump and grind, and it slid down her

legs. She stepped nimbly out of the crumpled fabric.

Underneath her dress, she was done up in sexy lingerie—the whole bit, stockings, garters and sheer panties. She looked like some erotic fantasy. She danced on, flowing with the music. With a magical flick of her hand, she snapped off her bra and tossed it into a corner. Her breasts were full, tipped with dark pink nipples.

She ran her hands up her body, cupping her lush tits. She lowered her head and flicked her tongue tip over her stiffened buds. She shot me another look, and the hunger in her eyes was palpable.

After another few minutes of this sexy display, she kicked off her heels, peeled away the garters and stockings, and lost the panties. Now, she was pirouetting and whirling about in her birthday suit. Her ass was ripe and lovely, her

legs were shapely, and her pussy lips gleamed with dampness.

Gwen slowed, then stopped. Her hand went between her legs. She began to finger herself as she kept her eyes fastened on me. I gave a soft cry, then raked up my skirt and yanked aside my panties. There was no denying I was thoroughly turned on. My inexperience with women seemed unimportant. Gwen had stripped for me and successfully aroused me.

Shamelessly, I plunged two fingers into myself. We masturbated, watching each other. Pleasure flamed all over me, and my erotic joy was definitely enhanced by Gwen's presence. I drank in the sensual sight of her. I was moved that she'd gone to such effort for me.

"Oh," I gasped. "Oh! Oh!" Suddenly, I was coming. Gwen frigged herself harder and joined me in orgasmic solidarity.



I realized that I could just end things there. Gwen made no move, but the night still felt young. A vast erotic landscape was ours to explore. I stood from the bed and undressed. Gwen's eyes roamed over my body. I stepped close to her. She took my hand, brought my damp fingers to her mouth and sucked them clean.

I did the same for her, and experienced the first thrilling taste of another woman in my mouth. There was no going back now.

Before we got onto the bed together, we kissed. Locked in an embrace, we pressed our lips together. Without any hurry or aggression, our tongues touched, sweetly and delicately. It was my first real kiss with another woman. It was so beautiful; I wished it could be put under glass, so I could cherish it forever.

Afterward, we fairly flung ourselves onto the mattress. We wrapped our arms around one another and french-kissed like fiends while our hands roamed wildly.

Gwen stroked her hands along my curves as our tongues tangled. For my part, I lavished attention on her tits, stroking her breasts and tweaking her nipples. The harder I pinched, the more she moaned appreciatively.

Her groping hand strayed between the valley of my ass cheeks, and her fingertips grazed my backdoor. I yelped, but even I could hear the delight in my voice. Gwen gave my nether hole another brief caress with her fingers.

If I'd had any misgivings about the mechanics of woman-on-woman sex, my instincts came to the rescue. Everything we did seemed right. We ground ourselves together, and the feel of her smooth, soft body against mine was heavenly. She reached between my legs, and I reached between hers, and the fact that there was no cock there didn't bother me in the least.

I trailed two fingers over her already damp lips. She teased my folds with a knowing touch. When we weren't kissing, we were panting and grinning at each other. At the same instant, we each plunged inside the other's pussy.

I sank two fingers into her. Gwen speared me with what felt like three, which brought a happy cry to my lips. She penetrated me up to her knuckles and twisted her digits. Pleasure erupted within me. I went deep with her as well, feeling the sweet slippery clench of her around my intruding fingers.

She went for my clit with her thumb, and my body bucked. I followed suit and teased her swollen bud. I certainly knew my own anatomy, so hers wasn't unfamiliar territory. But how wonderful to be bringing immediate and intense pleasure to another woman and knowing exactly what the process was.

We each polished the other's button until a climactic frenzy started in Gwen and spilled over onto me, like we were connected electrically. I jerked and she writhed, and we came together amid our glorious pussy-fingering.

As I came down from my golden peak, I knew what would happen next. The next logical step. Gwen, the experienced one, would go down on me. But a sudden impulse seized me. I wanted to show her how into this I was.

I squirmed my way backward down the bed. I pushed open her legs and slipped between them. Her inner thighs were impossibly smooth—like satin. I breathed in her excited aroma. I'd made this woman come with my fingers. Now, it was time to do it with my mouth.

My face hovered over her pussy. I hesitated, but it wasn't doubt that stopped me. I was simply appreciating



the enormity of the moment. That night would change me. I was having sex with someone other than my husband for the first time since I'd taken my marriage vows. And I was having sex with a woman for the first time ever.

Gwen lifted her head to look down at me, maybe to say something, but I made sure she didn't get the chance. I put out my tongue and gave her dripping cleft a long, lustful swipe. I licked her from south to north, then went back the other way, parting her slick lips with my tongue and lapping up her copious honey.

Her hips jerked, which pushed her pussy hard against my face. Her juices were smeared all over my lips, cheeks and chin. I savored the scent of her. I stabbed my tongue deeper into her. A ragged cry came from her, which told me I was on the right track.

Her pelvis rocked, and her thighs closed against my shoulders. She wriggled on the mattress. When I revisited her clit, she reached down and gasped, "Fuck yes!" As I sent her into a fit of sexual bliss, she grabbed hold of my hair and humped my face.

Her cry rose in pitch until her juices just about flooded my mouth. When I sat up, I felt thoroughly glazed with her honey.

Gwen pushed upward, looking giddy, and licked her sauce off my lips before lapping at my breasts. Bolts of new pleasure hit me. I remembered her rhapsodizing about the tits of one of the female strippers. But that seemed in the distant past. We'd come so far since then.

She set me onto my back and spread my legs. With urgent purpose in her eyes, she lay down between my thighs. Her mouth floated just above my exposed pussy. I felt her breath on my slick slit. She dropped her face, and her tongue went to work.

Rick gives fantastic head, but I have to say, Gwen ate me like nobody's business!

It was incredible what she did with her tongue. She flicked it over every sensitive centimeter, eliciting countless brand-new sensations. Soon I was thrashing about, but she laid her arms over my spread-open thighs to hold me in place.

She was merciless in her delivery of pleasure. My head whipped back and forth, my hair flying and the room blurring.

"She continued to attack my clit, and my orgasm was followed by another and another."



When she zeroed in on my clit, I thought I'd be overwhelmed by my bliss. The intensity was off the charts. When my climax came, she didn't relent. She continued to attack my clit, and my orgasm was followed by another and another. The ecstasy mixed together in one long stretch of sensual joy.

After some undetermined time, she came up and looked me over with a smile of wicked satisfaction on her pretty face. I groaned, driven senseless. I felt as if I might be afloat forever. But she whispered, "Bonus time."

Then she skillfully flipped my body over onto my stomach.

I didn't know what was happening until she spread my ass cheeks and proceeded to lick my asshole. It was an experience like no other.

Finally, we were nuzzling each other, lying limply together.

"I want to do this again," she murmured. "But if we continue, we eventually have to tell our husbands."

I gathered Derek wouldn't mind. But I wondered out loud about Rick.

Nonplussed, Gwen replied, "We'll just do a fourway."

That sounded delightful to me. Suddenly, I couldn't wait for the boys to get home! ☞



GODDESS

AMBER IS SERIOUSLY STUNNING.

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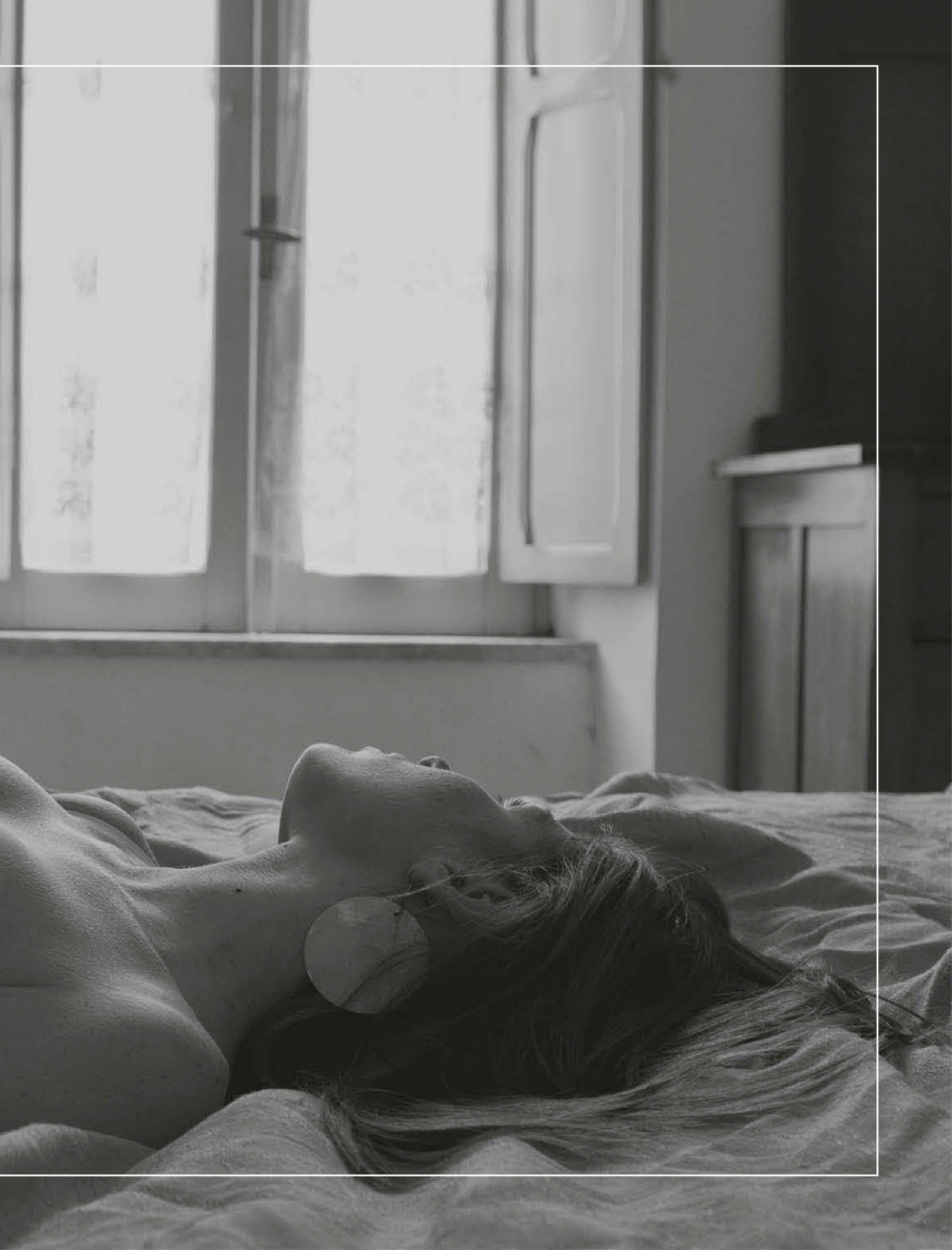


TRUE CONFESSIONS

ON THE HUNT

When a husband's away his wife will play—with everyone and anyone who sparks her interest!

BY LOURDES GARCIA





Carson often traveled for work, and I'd get restless. My husband was well aware that I was a woman with needs. I liked to work, but I really liked to play—and I absolutely loved to fuck.

He kept up with me fairly well, but when he went away for long work trips, I think he knew I was getting something on the side. And he seemed fine with it.

Maybe it was a vacation for him, if you will. It was always an experience for me.

Before he went south for a recent conference, he took me in his arms and kissed me deeply.

"Be good," he said teasingly.

"Never," I promised.

"Have fun," he said in a knowing tone.

"Always," I replied.

He gave me a squeeze, and then gave my rear another. He jokingly added, "Take care of this ass. It's my favorite thing."

He planted another sensual kiss on me, and then he looked deep into my eyes. He gave me a grin and a wink, and finally off he went.

After waving goodbye, I went inside and walked to my closet to select a sexy outfit. I was taking myself out for dinner and drinks. Maybe I'd find an interesting person when I was out and about. A girl can dream.

I chose a black wrap dress with three-quarter sleeves and matching slingback heels. No panties, of course, and sans bra, obviously.

I twisted my long hair up into a stylishly messy knot and selected some silver earrings. My makeup was simple: smoky eyes, some subtle blush and a hint of red lipstick. And then I was done.

"Perfect," I said to the woman in the mirror. "Let's find some company for the night."

I drove down to the harbor where some of the fancier restaurants were located. After I was seated, I ordered a martini and a shrimp cocktail to start.

It didn't take long for me to notice the tall dark stranger at the bar who was watching me.

Making deliberate eye contact, I drew a plump shrimp into my mouth and sucked on it. Then I uncrossed and recrossed my legs slowly. Elaborately. Just like the iconic scene in *Basic Instinct*.

Seated at a high top, I was sure the man could see what I wanted him to see.

When his cheeks heated to a blazing red, I knew I'd been successful. I took a sip of my martini, ate another yummy shrimp and waited.

When the waiter brought my main course, he also brought me another martini, which I hadn't ordered.

"It's from the gentleman at the bar," he said.

I raised it, saluted my benefactor and knocked it back.

When I was nearly done with my meal, he approached. Ten minutes later, we left together.

Bruce was tall and bearded with big green eyes and huge hands. I wondered what they'd feel like pinning my thighs wide as he devoured my pussy. I imagined myself soaking his beard with my juices.

My cunt was so wet, and so distracting, that I had to shift in my seat to readjust myself as I drove.

I'd insisted we take my car and head to a hotel. He hadn't argued.

Inside the room, I plopped on the bed. The action made my braless breasts bounce, and I knew that was appealing. I spread my legs a bit, and he stared at my naked snatch.

"What are you waiting for?" I asked, urging him closer with a come-hither motion of my fingers.

Bruce moved toward me. When he was close enough, I grabbed his belt buckle and tugged him toward me roughly. He took a few stumbling steps, and then I was unfastening his belt.

I'd told him my name was Amanda. Because no one needed to know my real name, and I'd be Amanda until Carson got home. Amanda was smoking hot and as horny as hell.

Bruce's cock was long and thick. I touched the very tip of my tongue to his crown. He hissed like I'd burned him, and his whole body jerked real fast, like he'd received an electric shock. However, his surprise was short-lived, and I sucked his crown between my lips. He purred like a giant cat, and I tickled his balls with my long fingernails, making him shiver.

When Bruce ran out of patience, he pulled his cock from my mouth and pushed me back. I propped myself up on my elbows, so I could watch him in action. He pushed my dress up around my waist,

and I let my legs fall wide. I wanted him to get a really good look at my shaved pussy—and my excitement.

Bruce pushed a finger inside me, as if to gauge my wetness. I must've passed muster because he added a second. Then his mouth descended on me. He ate my pussy with great attention to detail. His fingers fucked me thoroughly as his lips and tongue danced over my clit. I slid my fingers into his thick hair and tugged until he grunted and nipped me with his teeth.

I squealed, and that seemed to fire him up. He gave me one more bold swipe with his tongue and then rose up and pushed me down, so my back was on the bed. I knew he was going to mar my dress. It

**"Bruce jammed his
cock into my cunt,
and he wasn't slow
or gentle about it."**

would get wrinkled and coated in bodily fluids, but that was fine by me.

Bruce jammed his cock into my cunt, and he wasn't slow or gentle about it. I was startled by his girth and how much he filled and stretched me. But then I relaxed and took all he had to give. I clawed at his back and pulled on his broad shoulders, so he'd lower himself and kiss me. I jammed my tongue into his mouth, forcing his tongue to tangle with mine. His damp beard smelled and tasted like pussy.

As he bucked, I grabbed his ass, pulling him down hard as I thrust up from beneath him.

For a few fleeting moments, my mind was spinning with questions: *Where is Carson now? Is he thinking of me? Does he suspect I'm doing this? How does that make him feel? Does it turn him on? Will he jerk off in his lonely hotel room, thinking about some strange man fucking his wife?*

Bruce's pistoning cock—and my racing thoughts—combined to make a powerful

aphrodisiac. I came so hard that my body shook with the force of my climax.

Next, my lover switched things up by flipping me over and grabbing my hips. My breasts tumbled out of my bodice as he pounded me relentlessly. When he was ready to let loose, he pulled free of me. I heard the wet, erratic strokes of his hand on his erection, and then felt his hot cream rain down on my rear.

I fell to the bed, knowing I'd have to launder my sweaty, messy frock.

After I dropped off Bruce, I went home and did just that. I needed it clean and ready for the following night. It was, after all, my lucky dress.

The next night, with my outfit ready to go, I slid on a pair of silver heels, found my silver bag and applied a fresh face of makeup.

I'd talked to Carson before lunch and had assured him I'd been keeping myself busy. There was a pause after I said the telling words, and I felt he was smiling on the other end of the phone, well aware that his slutty wife was up to no good.

It made me happy to think he was fantasizing about what I was doing.

On the drive to the bar, I tried to decide what I wanted. Another guy like Bruce? A married man? Short or tall?

"Why not both?" I said aloud, laughing to myself.

That idea stuck in my head, and I let it live there as I searched for a parking spot.

At the bar, I ordered a whiskey sour. I subtly scoped out the place as I sipped my cocktail. There wasn't much going on. I figured once my glass was drained, I'd leave and try somewhere else.

I was scrolling on my phone, trying to find a new hotspot to hit when two scruffy guys came into the bar. Both of them were dressed like they'd just gotten off work—and not office jobs. They wore jeans, tees, work boots and baseball caps.

My libido sat up and paid attention.

They settled in at the bar, and there were two empty seats between them and me. The taller of the buddies held up two fingers as he gestured to the bartender, who apparently knew exactly what that meant. The booze slinger slid two tall bottles of beer onto the bar.

I made a point of looking directly at the tall hunk. He had bright blue eyes and a streak of silver in his hair.

He caught my look and stared right



back, giving me a nod and a once-over.

I spun my barstool and let the two men see me fully. Both stopped their conversation and took notice.

"The things I would do to you two," I said loud enough for them to hear.

That got their attention in a big way. They each sat up a little straighter, and two set of eyes—brown and blue—burned hot with lust.

In no time, I was crowded by the two magnificently large men, who bought me more whiskey sours and grilled me about the dirty things I desired to do to them. I teased them with a few details but said I'd rather show them.

They followed me in their work pickup to the same motel where I'd entertained Bruce. The woman behind the check-in counter clearly recognized me from the

previous night, judging by her expression. But she was smart enough to keep her lip zipped.

In the room, I untied my black magic dress and let it fall to my feet. I stood before the boys in nothing but my stunning silver heels. I've never seen guys undress so quickly.

Neither man looked at the other. All eyes were on me.

I moved between them and took a hard cock in each hand. The taller guy kissed me. The other one gently caressed my ass. As I jerked those two dicks, the men's hands roamed my body, exploring, petting and pinching me. I hummed softly under my breath and stroked their rods more vigorously.

Eeny, meeny, miny, moe. I turned left to the taller one—Mr. Blue Eyes—and bent

at the waist to lick his long, hot rod. I squeezed and stroked his erection while tonguing his crown. Then I sucked him deep into my mouth. The smell of him invaded my head as his pubes brushed my nose.

The shorter of the two—Mr. Brown Eyes—moved in behind me. He was faux fucking me by sliding his cock along my asscrack. I spread my legs and bucked back against him, getting the point across that the faux didn't have to be. He could fuck me if and when he wanted.

He got the message and slid his dick into my pussy. His callused hands gripped my hips as he pounded me. His energetic thrusts shook me vigorously as I sucked off his buddy.

I broke away and proposed: "How about we hit the bed, guys?"



We adjourned to the mattress and got back to business.

In short order, I was kneeling on the bed and once again had a cock in my mouth and another in pussy. I was caught in a delicious push and pull. Mr. Brown Eyes reached beneath me and stroked my clit. My body bucked. I slid my hand below my body and rubbed along with him, then nudged his fingers out of the way. That let him focus on smacking my ass while he fucked me. I pinched my hard clit with my fingertips, allowing all the pain and pleasure to rock my world.

"Fuck, I'm going to come," gasped Mr. Blue Eyes.

That's what I'd been angling for.

I slid my hand up and down his shaft as I sucked the crown of his cock. The whole scene had me seriously turned on. His pal smacked my ass once more, and I came. I groaned around the dick in my mouth, and that set off Mr. Blue Eyes, who shot his load across my tongue. We were falling like dominos. Next, Mr. Brown Eyes pulled free of my snatch, and his come splashed the backs of my bare, quaking thighs.

I sighed and collapsed to the mattress, feeling momentarily satisfied.

They both knelt there, staring at me.

"Don't look so sad, boys," I teased.

"We're not done yet. Who wants to pleasure their hostess, while we wait for

your cocks to rally?"

It was Mr. Brown Eyes who positioned himself and spread my thighs. His tongue was hot and limber as he trailed it along my folds. He nudged my clit here and there to tease me.

I made a desperate sound and bumped my hips up, seeking more contact with his slippery tongue. He pressed my thighs wide and ruthlessly attacked my clit. The sensation was overwhelming and wonderful. Then Mr. Blue Eyes decided to run his hands over my breasts, stroking my nipples and pinching them roughly.

I climaxed again, my whole body bucking and trembling with the force of the erotic onslaught.

By the time I caught my breath and rolled to my side, both men were once again sporting full erections.

"So, how do you two feel about really sharing? Like up close and personal?"

My body was revving with arousal, but they eyed me suspiciously.

"Like what?" Mr. Blue Eyes said, just as Mr. Brown Eyes asked, "What did you have in mind?"

I pushed Mr. Blue Eyes down on the bed and straddled him. "For starters, a little of this," I said, sinking down onto his thick cock. Moving slowly, I rode him as Mr. Brown Eyes gave an appreciative grunt from behind me. One of his thick

fingers slid down my back and caused me to shiver fiercely.

I swiveled my hips until I was wildly excited and my cunt was dripping wet.

Turning my head to look over my shoulder, I said, "Maybe you could use the other entrance."

Lifting off the man beneath me, I pushed my fingers into my pussy and gathered up some of my own moisture. When my other playmate came closer, I slickened up his shaft with my natural lube.

"There, now you're all set," I told him.

I again impaled myself on Mr. Blue Eyes, who groaned helplessly. His hands cupped my tits as his trim hips thrust up beneath me. His face was a mask of serious concentration. He pinched my nipples, and I hissed as Mr. Brown Eyes climbed behind me and straddled the other man's legs.

Mr. Brown Eyes ran the head of his cock along my asshole. I leaned back slightly to encourage the very tip of his cock to breach my backdoor. I took a deep breath and relaxed my muscles, willing him to plunge into my asshole. His rough hands settled on my hips, and a thrill shot through me.

"Stick it in me, baby," I pleaded.

Both men froze, and then Mr. Brown Eyes growled as he pressed forward with more insistence. When the head of his



cock was fully inside me, I sighed and carefully rocked on the hard dick of the stud beneath me.

I leaned my upper body over the man on the mattress. I let him kiss me and bite my lower lip. The tiny hairs on my neck stood on end. My body relaxed a bit more, and the guy behind me slid home with a low groan.

Our movements didn't sync right away. There was a learning curve. I let the man beneath me take charge, holding my hips and thrusting upward. Behind me, his friend gripped my upper arms as he reamed my ass.

I had never felt more full. Two cocks were gliding in and out of me as I tried to keep my wits about me. Tension coiled in my pelvis as the pressure and friction increased. Moving in concert, they plunged deep inside me, stuffing me with pleasure.

I rocked from side to side, encouraging the guy behind me to keep up the pace. Grinding against Mr. Blue Eyes, I shuddered while my climax surged closer and tension and fullness overwhelmed me. I was so slick I could hear the wet, slurping sounds of our fucking as we moved.

Hands slid over my hips, across my belly and around my back. I'd briefly closed my eyes, thus keeping the owners of the exploring hands a mystery to myself. Someone cupped my breasts and pinched my nipples hard enough to make me tremble. I was locked in on my pleasure and committed to my goal of getting off.

Mr. Blue Eyes blew first. His rhythm had gotten faster and faster, and his breath was like a freight train in my ear. Then his come flooded me. I felt it leak from my cunt, soaking our bodies where we were joined.

His excitement spurred me on. I clenched my pussy muscles around his cock, not letting him go—even as he began to deflate. I tilted my hips, so my clit rubbed against Mr. Blue Eyes' pelvic bone. After achieving contact, it took only a few spirals of my hips to send me spiraling into an orgasm of my own. Doing that forced the lover behind me to release a gruff cry. He leaned forward, further bending me over Mr. Blue Eyes. My ass took him easily at that point. He rocketed in and out of my rear until his body went

“I shuddered while my climax surged closer and tension and fullness overwhelmed me.”

rigid and he filled my back passage with his cream.

Sated and sticky, we parted. I grabbed a towel and headed to the shower. I took my time, using hot water and lathering up with generous handfuls of shower gel. My body was sore, but in a good way. I knew even after Carson came home, the memories of my trysts would linger in my mind and turn me on.

When I left the boys at the hotel, I thanked them for the fun evening.

“Can we maybe get a...number?” Mr. Blue Eyes asked.

“Nope,” I said and waved goodbye.

Carson surprised me the next morning by coming home early. I was off work for the day and lying on the sofa watching TV when the front door opened.

“Baby!” I shouted gleefully.

He paused and studied me for a minute. Then he said, “You’re glowing. Did you have a nice break from me?”

I reached toward him with my foot and teasingly poked his belly with my toes as I said, “I missed you.” He came closer, and I dragged my hand along his fly. I felt his stiffening cock beneath his zipper. “It appears you missed me, too,” I told him.

“Always,” he answered.

I leaned up and tugged his tie until he lowered his body onto mine. I wrapped a leg around him as images from my flings flitted through my mind. Men who were not him. Men I used for pleasure.

“Did you keep busy while I was gone?” he asked, giving me that knowing smile, which always made me think he knew about my extracurricular activities.

“I managed,” I said mysteriously.

“Glad to hear it.”

“Glad you’re glad,” I said, forcing a hand between us to grope his crotch. His cock was rock-hard. “Now take your pants off.”

I always liked when Carson went away, but I liked him coming home even more. 



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SWINGING & SWAPPING

FIRST-TIMERS page 92

THE WISH LIST page 95

THE LAKE page 98





FIRST-TIMERS

Of course, I allowed Ethan, my husband, to believe that it was his idea for us to check out a sex party in a nearby city. But

who did he imagine signed him up for the email list in the first place? I also let him think that he had to work to convince me to go! Little did he know, I was already mentally planning my outfit.

By the time we arrived at the unassuming townhouse in a quiet, upscale neighborhood, I was positively buzzing with excitement. The evening began on a tame note with champagne and light entertainment from a jazz trio. Couples mingled while the wildly attractive waitstaff served drinks. We took notice of one pair in particular. They'd smiled at us at the bar and kept

milling about in our orbit.

Before long, Ellie introduced herself. She and her husband were first-timers, just like us.

"Shall we stick together?" she sweetly proposed.

I raked my eyes over her tuxedo-clad husband. Declan was tall, lean and seriously sexy. He definitely ticked all my boxes.

After stealing a glance at my own hubby and finding his eyes firmly fixed on Ellie's rack, I knew we had found the perfect playmates—for the night, at least.

I returned Ellie's friendly smile and agreed that yes, we'd be happy to spend some time with her and Declan. I pointedly told her we'd love to get to know them better, and from the wolfish gleam in their eyes, they understood

the lascivious message I was sending.

When the musicians' set ended, I led the group toward the back of the house. We came upon a large room illuminated by many flickering electric candles. They cast a golden glow over the whole space. My eyes immediately fell on the unoccupied king-size bed.

I asked Ellie, "Ready to play?" She smiled lustily and nodded. "Well then, after you," I said to her as I gestured toward the bed.

She climbed onto the large mattress and settled herself against a pile of plush pillows.

Ellie looked at me, then at my husband. She crooked one finger in his direction and said, "Join me, Ethan."

He let go of my hand, shrugged off his tuxedo jacket and promptly crawled onto the bed with his new lover.

"That leaves just you and me," Declan said.

I turned to him, admiring his chiseled cheekbones and dark, beguiling eyes. I replied, "So it does."

Declan offered me his hand, and my heart fluttered.

"It's a pretty big bed. I do believe there's plenty of space for two more," he said.

Declan sat on the edge of the mattress opposite the side occupied by our spouses and pulled me closer. I stood before him, framed on either side by his rock-solid thighs. Eager to get my hands on him, I reached beneath his unbuttoned tuxedo jacket and smoothed my palms over his chest. I was able to discern that his crisp, white shirt was hiding some very well-formed pecs.

I lifted my leg and rested one knee on the bed as I teasingly asked, "Do you want to have some fun with me?"

Instead of answering me with words, he possessively rested one hand on the small of my back to pull me even closer to him. I took the opportunity to push him back, so he lay down on the mattress. That's when I caught a glimpse of Ellie's head bobbing over my husband's lap.

Ethan's eyes connected with mine. After all our years together, we didn't need to speak to have a conversation. I knew he was happy, and thankfully, I was, too. That night would be the first of many we spent at the townhouse. We'd landed right where we needed to be.

Fueled by that knowledge, I turned my attention back to Declan. His lips were so kissable. He had the look of a man who had aged like fine wine. You know the kind—a guy who had managed to maintain his handsome appearance, which was only enhanced by a smattering of distinguished silver hair at his temples.

I listened to my husband groaning with pleasure while I unfastened Declan's black silk bow tie. Ethan loves blowjobs, and his jubilant cries told me Ellie gave great head. So far, I was pretty pleased with Declan, too. It seemed that we'd made the perfect swap our first time out of the gate.

Declan was still dressed, yet I felt

his firm erection swelling beneath me. I liked that he was so excited. I rocked my hips, rubbing my pussy lips up and down the length of his cock. I was very satisfied with my decision to forgo any sort of panties. Thanks to that inspired choice, my slit slipped unimpeded along his butter-soft tuxedo pants. The supple fabric caressed my sensitive folds with every pass. It was a sensation unlike any I'd ever experienced.

My fingers hovered over the first button on Declan's shirt, but my partner turned the tables on me. He grabbed hold of my waist and rolled to the side, pinning me beneath his impressive and imposing frame.

"I can't let you have all the fun, now can I?" he asked with a sexy smile.

**"There I was,
caught in rapture,
watching my
husband pump his
seed into Ellie."**

Declan stood and quickly took care of the buttons on his shirt. He was a work of art, but he was rushing through his unveiling. I wanted more time to admire his sculpted body.

"Slower," I pleaded. I reached out to still his hand, attempting to steer the ship. A coy smile played at the corners of my lips as I confessed, "I like to watch."

Eager to please, Declan complied with my request. He slowly shrugged out of his shirt, allowing the sleeves to gradually glide down his arms and reveal his hefty guns.

"Oh, that's much better," I cooed.

Once his shirt was out of our way, Declan turned his attention to the sleek buckle of his luxury belt. It clanked open, clearing a path for the pièce de

résistance: Declan's thick dick.

He toed off his shoes. Then he unzipped his pants, let the material fall to his feet and shed his briefs as well. His erection bobbed before me. Its domed head was rounded and pink, like a scoop of strawberry ice cream begging to be licked.

"Is this what you want?" Declan asked, looking me directly in the eye.

"More than anything," I admitted.

"Well, a gentleman always gives a lady what she wants, and I am a bona fide gentleman," he said.

Declan clutched my hips firmly and flipped me over. I landed on my stomach, and he next yanked on my hips to lift up my ass. He arranged me so my pussy was level with his cock, then he dipped his dick inside me.

"Fuck yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!" he groaned. He uttered the words through gritted teeth, with each one accenting another thrust. "This is heaven!" he roared.

Yes, it was. Declan was a passionate and expressive lover. He fucked with feeling. Every change in pace and rhythm was expertly orchestrated to produce the maximum amount of pleasure for me.

When Declan slapped my ass, my pussy clenched around his dick and dripped with gratitude. Honey oozed from my core and ran down my thighs. I grew so wet that the sound of our bodies repeatedly connecting sounded like a series of slurps.

Of course, with all that lube, Declan could move faster, too. He pounded me so hard that his balls slapped against my clit. The soft peach-fuzz that dusted his sac tickled me in the most delicious way. Between that and the way the head of his dick rubbed against my G-spot, I was ready to melt.

Declan wound my long hair around his wrist and tilted my head back just in time for me to witness my husband nutting in Ellie.

"Oh God!" I moaned.

I was already teetering on the edge of an orgasm, and that steamy sight sealed my fate. There I was, caught in rapture, watching my husband pump his seed into Ellie.

Declan must have seen them, too. His hips smacked against my ass



just a little bit harder before his own movements grew jerky. With a groan, he slipped his dick out of my pussy. Just as the final shock waves of pleasure rocked my body, he jetted his hot cream all over my ass.

"Yes, frost me, baby!" I shouted.

I wiggled my ass and felt rivulets of spunk dribble down my rear.

"You're such a sexy bitch, baby," Declan hissed.

He clapped his hand onto my ass cheeks and squeezed. Thanks to his jizz that was splattered all over my skin, his fingers slid over me with ease. He swiped his palms over my curves, coating my skin with his goo in an epic finger-painting project.

My husband rolled away from his lover, and that's when I noticed a thick dollop of Ethan's come oozing out of Ellie's pussy hole. I crawled toward her

and my man to join in their fun.

"Mind if I take a taste?" I asked.

Ellie replied, "Please do, you dirty girl."

I slipped my hands under her ass, cradling her cheeks in my palms, and sipped from her cunt as if it were a chalice. I drank up the erotic cocktail of her juices combined with my husband's. Her honey was tangy and refreshing, while Ethan's cream tied the flavors together for a sweet, velvety finish.

It was divine. I couldn't get enough!

"Mmm!" I hummed, allowing my sounds of satisfaction roll over Ellie's pussy lips.

She moaned with pleasure as I lapped at her snatch, and I wanted to hear more of her cries. I wanted more of her. I wanted the memory of Ethan fucking Ellie indelibly marked in my mind.

I pressed my thumb to Ellie's clit and immediately felt her muscles clench. Then, like magic, more of her and Ethan's sweet, tasty fluids flowed into my mouth.

"Oh God," Ellie groaned.

Her hips bucked as she rode out her climax, and I continued to tongue her until I'd swallowed down every bit of the love juices pouring from her hole. Eventually, Ellie's tremors subsided. That's when we noticed a few other couples had joined us in the room.

Suddenly, a whole smorgasbord of potential partners was available to us. I wanted to sample each and every one of them. One man in particular caught my attention. Our eyes met, and he gestured for me to join him. And just like that, I moved on to my next conquest and watched my husband do the same.

—R.W., Chicago, Ill.

THE WISH LIST

My beautiful wife, Judith, and I have been avid swingers for the past 15 years. But it's taken us a while to feel like we belong. We've had something of an inferiority complex, I think.

At first, we weren't even sure we could hack it in the swinging world. We'd go to Lifestyle "meet and greets" and talk ourselves into feeling confident and self-supportive. We'd strike up conversations with strangers and congratulate ourselves whenever we had a social success.

The first few times we went to events where fucking was actually happening, we played only with each other. It was exciting—even liberating—but it took us some time before we found the courage to play with others.

As a swinging couple, even now we don't always get a ton of play. It's not that we're schlubs. I'm no heartthrob, but I'm a respectable-looking guy in my late 40s. I'm in good shape—I'm a runner. But my hairline is receding, and I'm not especially muscled. My dick is a standard six inches, but it gets the job done.

Judith is the kind of woman who, in another era, would have been called buxom. She's on the tall side and blonde, with big breasts. Most people love her bosom, of course. I've seen men who've gone into something of a feeding frenzy over her tits. My wife is beautiful in a lot of ways, actually. But some people insist on more petite types, the fools. We're not happy about that, but we get it.

A big perk of being friends with other swingers is that they'll introduce you to more people and spread the love. Judith and I have become acquainted with many fantastic singles and couples over the years. Most swingers are pretty cool people.

One of those couples is the hot twosome that I'm about to tell you about. Our encounter with David and Winnie was wild and sexy.

We first saw them at a swingers confab in Seattle, where they were conducting a workshop on sex toys. David—a tall sandy-



haired, 40-something guy with chiseled features—sat quietly through most of the presentation, while Winnie ran the show. I could tell by the way he looked at her and laughed at her sometimes outrageous repartee that he was deeply in love with her.

As for Winnie, she's a slim, smart, confident and outrageously funny African-American woman in her mid-30s. She made quite a hit in that workshop with her running commentary on various souped-up dildos, vibrators, artificial pussies and other gadgets. When we left the workshop, Judith and I agreed: David and Winnie were one of the hottest couples we'd ever met. We thought they were probably out of our league, but we admired them.

Time passed—years, in fact. Some of those were pandemic-era “no play” years. During that time, Judith and I had barely given David and Winnie another thought. Then, about a year ago, our swinging

and decided to invite David and Winnie to visit us at our home, while they were still in town. Judith surprised me with her frankness when she told them: “Joe and I think you two are super attractive. We'd really like to get to know you better.”

“Fuck, yes!” said Winnie. “We're totally smitten with you guys, and we're glad you made the first move. Aren't we, Dave?”

He smiled a broad smile and added, “Oh, yeah. We're a little shy sometimes.”

Judith and I exchanged stunned looks. They were shy? Sometimes it seems you can't judge people at all.

This barbecue was not an actual sex party. In fact, Bruce and Dana had called it a friendly mixer. So, Judith and I had planned to depart right after dessert was served. We were an hour's drive from our home, and it was a school night, so to speak. But three days later, we were prepared for something more when David and Winnie knocked on our front door.

We had some snacks and drinks, but

very thought made my dick start to stir.

Everybody's request got more or less approved. David wanted to titty-fuck Judith. I wanted Judith and Winnie to take turns sucking off David and me. Only Judith's wish had to be negotiated. She wanted to watch David and me double-penetrate Winnie. But Winnie said she wasn't sure about DP that night, so we decided Winnie would fuck me, while she sucked David off.

“Meeting's adjourned,” said Winnie, looking rather pleased.

Next, we moved to the bedroom, where we quickly disrobed.

My dick was twitching as I watched Judith and Winnie get comfortable on the bed. They kissed and caressed each other. Their makeout session was gentle and teasing. But I know my Judith. I could tell by the way her face was flushing that she was extremely turned on.

“Ah, now that I like,” said David, as he observed the ladies.

He was shirtless, and he was an impressively muscled, surprisingly hairy and assuredly studly guy. He tugged at the bulge in the crotch of his boxer briefs as he sat in a chair near the bed.

Judith knelt before Winnie and peeled off the other gal's panties. Then she homed in on Winnie's cunt with her mouth. Winnie had one of the cutest pink pussies I'd ever seen. It was close to the shade of Judith's satin panties and topped by tidily trimmed pubic hair.

Soon, the gals moved into the 69 position, where they lapped at each other's pussies and clits, panting and purring. My dick was now rock-hard, and so was David's. The two women were so different—different body types, different skin tones, different energies—and yet they matched so perfectly.

I should mention that there was a lot of improvisation that night. Moments that weren't on our wish list. Nipples got licked, cocks got tugged, lips got kissed—mouth lips and nether lips both.

In any case, everybody's big wish was fulfilled, eventually.

David was really into fucking Judith's tits. He slathered them with copious amounts of a super-slick lubricant, then straddled her and wedged his ruddy, circumcised dong between her fabulous tatas. Slipping and sliding between her jugs, he moaned loudly.

“The gals moved into the 69 position, where they lapped at each other's pussies.”

friends Bruce and Dana threw a barbecue party at their home, which wasn't far from our place. There—cuddling on a sofa in the living room—was the duo we'd proclaimed the “Couple of the Century” after their hilarious sex-toy presentation.

Judith struck up a conversation with them, which made me proud. My wife was in a good mood that night, and she was pretty flirty. She reminded David and Winnie about our having been at their workshop in Seattle.

“Oh, that was so long ago,” Winnie said. “Those gizmos we were so crazy about back then are just relics now!”

We chatted about our mutual friendship with Bruce and Dana, and generally got to know one another. It turned out that David and Winnie lived in the Bay Area, but they traveled often and were frequent visitors to our neck of the woods.

Eventually, we mingled with some of the other guests, but Judith and I huddled

no one had made the vital first move during the initial hour they spent at our home. As we enjoyed another round of cocktails, Winnie tapped her glass with a fork to get our attention.

“Guys, I have a little speech. I know it's sometimes awkward talking about consent, but we gotta do it, OK? One thing David and I like to do is have everyone make a beforehand wish, where they name the one big sexual act or activity they'd really like to have happen. If nobody objects, then we all know for sure that that'll be on the menu, and you won't have to ask for consent later. If someone objects, we can negotiate and find something else. We think it works pretty well. You OK with that?”

Unsurprisingly, everyone was.

“I'll start,” said Winnie. “I really want to 69 with Judith.” Her eyes had a wicked sparkle. “I mean really.”

Nobody objected. I certainly didn't. The

The double-blowjob portion of the evening was also big fun. At one point, David and I knelt on the bed and faced each other with our peckers fully erect. Judith lay on the bed between us with her head on a pillow, so her face was right below our hard-ons. Winnie maneuvered herself above the dicks. The two ladies sucked, licked and nibbled our erections from above and below until David and I were both dripping pre-come.

We saved the “two guys on Winnie” portion for last. As David and I drifted toward her on the mattress and kissed and nuzzled her, she said in a quiet voice, “Boys, listen. I know I agreed to giving you a one-in-the-mouth, one-in-the-clam thing instead of a DP.”

Oh shit, I thought. The evening is over. I've turned her off. Damn.

“But I've changed my mind,” she continued. “I'm not just horny as fuck. I'm hornier than fuck. Actually, I'm hornier

than fuck ever thought of being. So get those dicks of yours hard and DP me. Who wants which hole?”

Now, that was a pleasant turn of events!

Winnie pointed at me and asked, “You want my ass?”

“Hell yeah,” I replied.

And so I had it, and it was like no other ass I'd ever penetrated. I can't describe it adequately, but I'll say this. It will always be among the Top Five files in my spank bank, and the rest of that night rounded out the rest of that list!

As for details, remember that while I was boning Winnie's butt, she was also about to take David's big stiffy into her pussy. It took some doing, but we worked it all out. We DP'd her in various positions as the night wore on. You can probably picture some of them. The best thing was when the three of us discovered just the right rhythm, while

beautiful blonde bombshell Judith urged us on. Winnie, David and I were riding a wave that would inevitably carry us to orgasm. But then Winnie said, “Stop!”

What now?

“David and Joe, when you're ready, spray me. And Judith, join me under the sperm shower!” Winnie said.

OK, then!

We continued to fuck her for a minute or so more, but then David and I neared the point of no return. Within seconds, we were aiming our peens over the faces of those two charming but very different women. Our eruptions were epic. David shot his load first, and I followed a minute or so later. It was messy, that I'll tell you. Very sticky and messy, but the girls reveled in it.

Like I said before: Top Five in the spank bank. Always and forever!

—J.R., Indianapolis, Ind.



THE LAKE



When life becomes too stressful, Janine and I take a week off, pack up the Jeep and head to our cabin by the lake to take a break from life. Long days of hiking and nights beside cozy campfires allow us to let go. And, of course, if Dean and Misty are there, fucking is also part of the lineup!

When we pulled up to the cabin during our most recent outing, I saw Janine craning her neck to look around to the property two plots down.

"Go out and check," I said, nudging her playfully. "No use breaking your neck over it."

She laughed softly, grabbed my face in her hands and laid a big fat kiss on me.

"Be right back," she told me.

I was unloading the car when she came bounding back like a puppy. Her cheeks were flushed, yet her freckles still stood out.

"They're here, I take it," I said.

She gasped and asked, "How did you know?"

I laughed out loud and told her, "You look thrilled, my love. I can tell."

"We're going to have drinks after the sun goes down," she said.

I reached out and pinched one of her incredibly erect nipples. Her face flushed an even deeper shade of red, and she

suddenly looked extra horny.

"You're not looking forward to it, are you?" I teased. I pinched her again and then slid my hand into her leggings. My fingers went right to her hot, wet pussy. She was drenched. "No, not excited at all," I added.

She swatted me playfully, then said, "Come on. Let's go grab something to eat and then shower. I'm starving, and I'm dirty."

"My favorite combination," I joked.

Inside the cabin, we popped a frozen pizza in the oven and hopped in the shower together. I lathered her up, and she reciprocated. We fooled around, touching each other and pushing each other well past the horny stage. But we purposely didn't get each other off. We wanted the grand finale to be later with all four of us paired off in the big main room of Dean and Misty's cabin.

We wolfed down our pizza with glasses of wine and watched the spectacular sunset. It was gorgeous in its own right, but it was especially satisfying because it meant the sexy festivities were about to start.

Someone banged softly on our door and then we heard Misty giggling.

"We're coming!" I said.

"Not yet, but soon!" Misty's voice called out.

Janine started laughing, and we put our dishes in the sink. Then she gave me a kiss and said, "Let's go get our kink on."

I followed her. Misty was standing by the door. She grabbed our hands and led us toward their cabin.

"Dean is making some sort of new mixed drink concoction," she shared. "In case we want to get a buzz on first. I told him that he didn't need to do that. This group is always ready to get right to the fucking!"

Misty was a chatterer. She liked to talk. But when she used that same mouth to suck my dick, it was an epic experience.

She must have read my dirty mind because she squeezed my wrist softly and started to walk even faster.

As we hurried to Misty and Dean's place, I could hear the lap of the water on the dock. I took a deep breath of lake air. Somewhere a bird cried out in the night, sounding like a forlorn woman.

Misty swung open the door to the cabin, and we headed inside. Dean turned and gave us a hearty hello. He offered us cocktails, and we each took one.

"Give 'em a swig," his wife said. "And then let's get on with the show."

She was raring to play, and I appreciated that. As for me, I wanted to slide into her slick, tight pussy. She was always an amazing lay.

We each sampled Dean's sweet concoction. It definitely packed a punch, and in no time, Misty was unbuckling my pants.

My eyes darted to my wife, who was

being undressed by her strapping lover. Dean was kissing and caressing her—and she was loving every minute of it.

The sight of them fooling around gave me an instant hard-on. Misty wrapped her hand around my rod and gave it a friendly stroke.

“I’ve missed your dick,” she said.

I slid my hands beneath her shirt and groped her tits. I cupped her cans, and she sighed joyfully. I pinched her nipples, and she growled. I pinched them harder, and she broke free from me, dropped to her knees and wrapped her wonderful lips around my straining cock.

I was a man torn. I wanted to watch Misty’s painted pink lips wrapped around my meat. But I also wanted to gaze at my hot wife. My slutty sweetheart was sprawled on a leather loveseat as Dean held her thighs wide and ate her pussy like his life depended on it.

He didn’t waste any time.

Misty let her talented mouth roam a bit lower. She licked the base of my cock then swept her tongue over my balls. She drew them into her mouth, one at a time, sucking softly and making me lose my goddamn mind.

“Fuck, that’s good,” I said, resting a hand atop her head.

My eyes strayed as I heard Janine groan. Dean had plunged a few fingers deep into her pussy as he continued to dine on her snatch. She was bumping up her hips in an effort to gain more friction against her clit.

He was evading her, teasing her, and for a brief moment, I delighted in her delicious torture.

Misty rose and quickly shed her clothes. In a blink, she was standing there, bare-ass naked and rubbing her own clit.

“Are you gonna fuck me, big man?” she asked in a saucy tone.

I was indeed going to fuck her.

“You bet,” I replied.

I grabbed her by the hips and walked her back until she hit the arm of the sofa. She was a petite thing, so when she jumped up and sat on the overstuffed arm, her feet lost contact with the floor. She quickly took advantage and wrapped her supple legs around my waist.

My throbbing cock pressed against her center. I felt her heat and her wetness. I held her arms, and she leaned back just a bit. I slipped my hand between us and slid my dick into her slippery pussy.

“That’s the sweet stuff,” she said.

Her eyes closed as I rocked into her. I held her there on the edge of the sofa like a trapeze artist. She raised her hips and pushed forward to get me in deeper. She squeezed her pussy around my dick and said, “Right there!”

It was too good, and I groaned out loud.

I heard my wife hiss and moan. I snuck a peek and saw her body bucking in a way that told me she’d just climaxed. Her orgasm had brought red blooms to her cheeks. Her long hair was mussed in the most arousing way.

Dean murmured something to her, and after a few beats, she turned over on the loveseat. Lying horizontally on the cushions, she stuck her ass in the air as he climbed in behind her. Then he was plunging into her, fucking my wife with hard jabs of his dick.

Misty clenched her pussy around my cock again, quickly drawing my attention back to her. She winked, letting me know she’d done it on purpose. Then she snuck a glance at her husband reaming my wife. She grinned, clearly liking what she saw.

“Put me on the sofa,” she said. “I want you on top of me.”

I stepped back and let her slide off the arm and onto the cushions. She worked her way back by using her elbows. When she was splayed there, she raised her shapely legs in the air, pointed her toes and spread her thighs wide in a “V” shape. She crowed, “Ready!”

I couldn’t help but smile at her. Then I pushed my way between her fantastic legs and slid back into her slippery warmth.

Misty swiftly bent her legs and pulled her knees up, giving me full access to her cunt. Though she was pinned beneath me, she bucked her body as much as possible, meeting me thrust for thrust. Her hand wriggled between our bodies, and I felt her stroking her clit as we screwed.

I nuzzled the side of her neck and gave her a little bite. That sensation always ramped her up and sometimes got her off.

“Do that again!” she demanded.

I did, nipping the same sensitive spot. But this time, I did it just a bit harder, using more teeth. She shuddered beneath me, and I liked it. I licked a hot line from her neck up to her jaw. Pistoning my hips, I plunged into her as deep as I could, and I bit her earlobe.

I felt the intense rippling of her inner muscles gripping my cock as her orgasm hit. I hissed between my teeth and let

myself settle on her fully. As my upper body mashed against hers, I felt her breath hot in my ear.

Misty clamped her hands onto my ass, squeezing my rear and urging me on. I was right there, so close to shooting my load, when two things happened simultaneously. She gripped her pussy tight around me again—intensifying everything threefold—and I heard my wife moan like she was about to come once more.

I braced my forearms against the couch as Misty nibbled my lower lip. I gave her one final thrust and then lost it entirely.

She hummed softly in my ear, again squeezing my ass with her small but strong hands.

“It’s always fun when you’re here,” she said. “We always have the best time.”

To accent this sentiment, she bumped up her hips, and I felt my cock stir ever so slightly.

We managed to right ourselves in time to watch the grand finale of our spouses.

Dean was fucking my Janine furiously. He was holding the lovely flare of her ample hips as he did so. She had her eyes shut, and her mouth screwed tight as she concentrated on her impending climax. She released another deep moan that seemed to touch my soul, and then her body shook and pleasure claimed her. She took a moment to bow down to that sensation. Her upper body was nearly flat on the loveseat, and her amazing ass was still high in the air as Dean lazily fucked her.

She broke free, climbed to her feet and pushed him back. He sat there, legs splayed, smiling slightly as she dropped to a kneeling position and lowered her mouth onto his cock. My wife sucked and licked until Dean lost his cool and shot his load all over her face.

“God, I love when you guys visit,” Misty said.

I nodded in agreement. So did I.

—P.D., Madison, Wisc.

Ever spiced up your bedroom with a smorgasbord of sweaty bodies? If you’re a sexual adventurer who has switched on to the swinging scene, we’d like to hear from you. Mail your story to *Penthouse Letters*, Department S, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.

SUCKA WHAT?

IN GOOD TASTE page 102

WAKE-UP CALL page 106





IN GOOD TASTE

My craving for dick is never-ending. I'm not just talking about fucking. I often have a full-on, mouth-watering urge to suck cock. Maybe I'm just the giving type, but I get a major thrill knowing that the guy I'm with is having a good time, and an overwhelming majority of the guys I've encountered think getting sucked right is a damn good time.

When Elliott exited the bathroom wearing nothing but a smile, I saw my opportunity. I stepped in front of my exhibitionistic roommate and licked my lips.

"Like what you see?" he asked.

I let my eyes drift over his trim body, paying special attention to his rapidly swelling cock. I let my gaze linger a

moment longer before meeting his gaze and responding, "Yes, I do."

Elliott took a step back. He seemed surprised by my saucy response, but he quickly recovered and added, "Prove it."

His shit-eating grin suggested he thought I might back down. Not me. I never run from a challenge. Besides, I was getting seriously turned on by the thought of sucking on his erection. I fell to my knees and looked up at Elliott from under lowered lashes.

"Last chance to back out, lover boy," I teased. He gave me an incredulous look, and I suspected he was trying to imagine a reason why he'd want to turn this opportunity down. I cupped his balls in my palm and told him, "I'm gonna suck your dick. But don't worry—I don't want to be your girlfriend."

"OK," he replied. "Suck my cock, then."

Although we'd previously kept our relationship strictly platonic, we'd been flirting up a storm with one another. It's no exaggeration to say Elliott's dick had been starring in my fantasies for a while. At long last, I held his tool in my hand, and soon, it would be in my mouth.

I wrapped my fingers around his shaft and directed his crown toward my parted lips. A healthy bead of pre-come had collected on the very tip of his dick. It gleamed like a luminous pearl. Instead of immediately sucking him into my mouth, I wanted to savor his flavor. I swiped my tongue over his crown, scooping up the milky droplet of his pre-come. Its salty taste filled my mouth. It was almost as if the liquid had spread out to coat my tongue like a slick of fine oil.

"Mmmm," I hummed appreciatively.

The satisfied sound wasn't a conscious choice, but it sure as hell was genuine. Elliott's dick was everything I'd imagined it would be and more. His satiny rod glided over my tongue. It was slippery and sleek—perfect for someone who loves sucking dick. Someone like me.

Elliott groaned loudly, and his arms flailed out on either side of him. One of his fists collided with the wall, producing a loud knocking sound that was undoubtedly heard by the neighbors.

I was glad. I love it when a partner displays undeniable signs of satisfaction. It's the ultimate ego boost for me, knowing that I, and I alone, am the reason for their pleasure.

I swirled my tongue over the circumference of his mushroom-shaped dome. My tongue encountered another zesty dab of pre-come. Its briny essence reawakened my taste buds.

I was desperate to drink all of Elliott's most delectable extract. But I'd also enjoy patiently nudging him toward climax while being rewarded with those little bursts of man-juice. There was plenty for me to savor. As I pumped his shaft with my fist, even more of his addictive fluid seeped out and onto my tongue.

Feeling breathless, I pulled back to gulp some air and gather my bearings. I released his cockhead from between my pursed lips with a pop. My empty mouth felt like a cavernous opening longing to be filled, but I knew there were other ways to orally revel in the majesty of Elliott's hard cock.

First, I licked him from base to tip. I trailed the tip of my tongue along the underside of his hefty shaft. To my delight, he moaned and squirmed.

When my tongue reached his crown, I traced the very edge of the ridge where his head and rod meet. Around and around I swirled, stroking the lower half of his shaft with my fist and milking him of even more salty fluids. Pre-come dripped over the sloped sides of his cockhead, providing a satisfying treat for me to hungrily scoop up.

After I thoroughly cleaned his tip, I swiveled my head to lick the full length of his pipe again. This time, I traveled up and down to paint every square inch of his shaft with my tongue.

"Jesus!" Elliott hissed, pounding on the wall again.

His enthusiasm was inspiring.

I cradled his balls in my free hand, and I felt his sac tighten, warning me an eruption was imminent. But I wasn't ready to let him blow. Not yet, at least. I wanted to bask in the glory of Elliott's arousal for much longer, so when he finally let loose, it would be an orgasm he'd remember.

To accomplish those goals, I needed to lower the heat and cool things off a

"I swiped my tongue over his crown, scooping up the milky droplet of his pre-come."

bit, and I knew exactly what to do.

Elliott's throbbing dick had been thoroughly moistened by my tongue, and his wet member was exposed to the coolness of our air-conditioned apartment. I exhaled slowly and allowed my hot breath to caress his rod.

"Oh, Eva! Ev-ah! Eva, please," he moaned.

Once again, I found myself overcome by the thrill of pleasuring this handsome hunk. Seconds before, Elliott had been on the cusp of an orgasm. But just like that he was calling my name and being swept up in new waves of sexual joy.

I wanted to give him satisfaction—not endless torture—so I knew it was time to get him off. I held the base of his cock and drove my mouth onto him.

"That's it, baby," he sighed. "Take it all."

His hips rocked rhythmically. A simple oral sex act became an elaborate dance with plenty of give and take. He pumped his hips and fucked my face so furiously, his crown smacked against the back of

my throat with every inward plunge. I loved it and hummed happily.

He must've loved the sensation of my vibrating vocals because he teased, "Keep singing to me, Evie."

With my mouth so full, it was difficult to control my pitch. But I managed to hum a tune, which soon had Elliott on the brink of release. But that wasn't enough for me. I wouldn't find contentment until his cream coated my tongue.

I tickled the underside of Elliott's balls and his heels rose off the floor. It seemed my playful touch was unexpected, though it also appeared to be a pleasant surprise. He expressed his appreciation, cheering me on. Eager to amp up the experience, I tucked my hand between his legs and snaked a finger between his cheeks.

Fortunately, my digit was already slick with saliva. In my quest to deep-throat Elliott's dick, I'd drooled all over his junk. As I manhandled his meat, I got myself pretty slippery, too.

Using my fingertip, I sought out Elliott's asshole and massaged it gently. I didn't penetrate him. I simply added a little risqué element to what was already a delightfully dirty encounter.

He moaned and swore softly, and one of his hands fell heavily on my head. His fingers raked my scalp as they combed back my locks. He grabbed a handful of my hair, and I allowed him to set the pace. He pounded his cock into my mouth so hard and fast that his balls slapped my chin. He was so close to coming that I could taste it. It was only a matter of time before I got to drink that milkshake I'd long craved.

Elliott's sculpted thighs grew tense and as hard as marble. Sensual energy coursed through his body, and the air practically crackled with erotic electricity. He released a helpless groan and come finally jetted from his cock. Some of his cream went right down my throat. I greedily swallowed his spurts, but there was too much for me to handle. Some escaped my lips, and rivulets ran down my chin and onto my breasts. It looked like drizzles of icing. I pulled away and ran my finger through the sticky trails, scooping up some of his stray jizz.

Elliott watched me intently. He



seemed to be trying to suss out what I planned to do next.

I liked having an audience, so I really hammed it up. I held up my finger as if I were speaking and wanted to make a point. Really, all I wanted was for Elliott to see how much of his come covered my finger.

Elliott looked stunned. To be fair, he was probably still processing the fact that his lusty roommate had just sucked him off in the hallway.

I brought the cream-coated finger to my lips and glossed them thoroughly with his seed. Then I sucked the digit into my mouth, making my cheeks grow hollow as I delivered a mini blowjob.

I let out a sexy mewling sound to let Elliott know how much I liked the taste of his spunk. He was salty and musky—and all man. My hunger for him was still

running wild within me, and I wasn't sure if it would ever be truly sated.

I swiped my finger across my tits again, gathering up another portion of Elliott's come. But it was his turn to surprise me.

"Dip your fingers in your pussy," he insisted.

The request intrigued me. First, I licked my fingers clean, then I rolled down my spandex pants and plunged two fingers inside my dewy snatch. When I pulled them out, they positively gleamed with pussy juice. My glazed digits hovered over my boob, and I looked at him questioningly.

"Go ahead," he said softly.

Elliott sank to his knees in front of me as I scooped up another bit of come from my tits. I offered my slippery digits to him, looking almost like a new wife

presenting her husband with a bit of frosting from their wedding cake. He parted his lips and took my fingers inside his mouth. He diligently slurped up every bit of goodness.

His tongue slipped between my fingers, tickling and taunting me. Somehow, that action almost felt more intimate than me holding his dick in my mouth!

Hours earlier, we were simply roommates. Now, we were on the verge of becoming fuck buddies.

After making out for a while, we screwed right there on the floor.

Eventually, we retreated to our separate rooms, and my mind filled with a brand-new fantasy: our next erotic encounter.

—E.L., Huntsville, Ala.





WAKE-UP CALL

Nick and I have been happily married for almost five years. Like most couples, we have a routine of sorts when it comes to sex. Our date nights are typically quiet stay-at-home affairs. We both love to cook dinners and try new wines, so unless there's a restaurant that intrigues us, we see no need to go out. Being home also has an added benefit: It allows me to brazenly tease him by wearing lingerie. It may be predictable, but it is always pleasurable.

However, when I'm stuck working the overnight shift at the hospital where I'm employed—while my nine-to-five man is relaxing at home—it can definitely be challenging to carve out some special

couple time. Fortunately, Nick is a natural at sexting. When I get a break at work and check my phone, his dirty messages leave my pussy dripping. His raunchy—and inspiring—words play in my head until we're reunited and tearing off each other's clothes!

However, I'm not going to lie. Sometimes I'm too turned on to wait. When that happens, I'll slip into the ladies' room on my break and give myself a quick little climax, so the sexual tension doesn't drive me to distraction.

As for my writing skills, I'm no poet. But I definitely reply to his texts and play along. However, my real love language for Nick doesn't involve words—though it is very oral, if you get my drift.

When I arrived home last week, I was still wired after working all night. I

knew there was only a short window of time before Nick would wake and rush out the door to his own job. I hurried down the hall to our bedroom because I wanted to give him a sexy send-off.

I found Nick still blissfully sleeping. I undressed, hoping he'd open an eye and catch my striptease, but he didn't.

I'm five-foot-two and naturally curvy with a big booty that my hubby loves to squeeze and bell-shaped breasts that drive him wild.

I unfastened the clip in my ash blonde hair, allowing it to tumble down in loose waves past my shoulders. Next, I carefully lifted the covers. He must've been having a good dream because his cock was already in a semi-stiff state.

Allow me to gush about my husband for a moment. Nick is gorgeous. He's

the definition of tall, dark and handsome. We're both in our mid-40s. He has lifted weights since college, and his buff bod is cut. So the man-fur that dusts his torso looks utterly primal amidst all of his toned muscles. He also has strong, sturdy thighs that I love seeing and stroking. He knows I prefer him hairy, but we both agree that a little strategic manscaping around his pubic region provides a pleasing aesthetic that is also oral friendly.

As dicks go, Nick won the lottery there, too—and no, not because he has some circus-like 13-inch cock. I've always felt that anything over eight inches is a waste. But to be honest, what matters most for me is being attracted to the guy attached to the dick. If he knows how to wield his sword, that's even better. My husband's dick—with its slightly above average length and delicious girth—is perfection to me. I can never get enough of him. I think about his dick obsessively. I picture him in my mouth, in my pussy and even up my ass. I'm not afraid to say it: I am my husband's cock-hungry slut.

I took in the enticing view of his semi-erect rod while he snoozed, but I couldn't wait any longer. I slid into bed beside him, planting a soft kiss on his forehead. As I cozied up to him, I felt my nipples stiffen. He stirred, but didn't open his eyes just yet, so I got bolder. I stroked his neck and guided my hand down his chest and beyond. Nick sighed and opened his eyes just as my fist was closing around his cock.

"Morning, baby," I whispered. "Did you sleep well?"

Nick drew in a deep breath as I stroked his shaft.

"Yeah, but waking up is even better," he replied.

My husband changed his position, rolling onto his back to give me better access to his erection. I straddled him, kissed him and then let him bury his head between my tits.

I sat up and wiggled my hips, feeling his formidable shaft poking against my wet cunt. Nick groaned and attempted to pull me back down for another kiss, but I evaded his efforts.

"Not so fast, mister," I teased. "I haven't had my breakfast."

"That's fine by me," he replied. "I like

when you're a little hungry."

I kissed my way down Nick's chest and stomach as I backed down his body. I wanted to take my time, but the minute I reached his rock-solid dick, I felt myself salivating.

"Such a perfect prick," I purred as I slowly slid his foreskin back and let his crown touch my lips. As the tender glans was fully revealed, I teased the sensitive head, swirling my tongue around it. I let my tongue linger, coating his crown with my saliva before letting some of my spit dribble down his shaft.

I've always thought the term blowjob

that intimate moment of connection, but it's like all the ravenous desire between us is at once acknowledged and unleashed.

I released a guttural moan, allowing the vibrations of my throat to stimulate him even more before I pulled away again.

"I've been waiting for this all fucking day," I told him on a sigh.

"You mean all night," Nick joked.

I continued to stroke him and rewarded his patience by taking him in my mouth once more. I focused on soft, shallow face-fucking motions

"I focused on soft, shallow face-fucking motions that allowed me to really use my lips."

was a misnomer because so much of the action happens in the mouth. But when it comes to giving head, I'm also very hands-on. Nothing gets my husband going quite like the warm, wetness of my mouth and tongue combined with some strategic pumping of his piston. I sometimes milk him with my tits, too. It's always fun to hug his prick with my plush melons. I love deep-throating him and having him come in my mouth, but even with solid oral skills in play, I never dismiss what my hands—and my other parts—can contribute to our fun.

When his shaft was sufficiently slick, I ran my tongue up and down the underside of it, honing in on his crown's most sensitive spot. I flicked my tongue tip against it before taking him deep in my mouth. I swallowed him completely, taking him all the way down my throat. But ever the tease, I didn't let him linger there long and quickly pulled back.

Nick reached down and took hold of my hair. I inhaled and swallowed him again. Still holding him in my mouth, I looked up and our eyes met. I have yet to find a word that encompasses

that allowed me to really use my lips to add some delicious friction. My poor husband was visibly sweating; his breathing had become even more ragged. For good measure, I gave his balls a gentle squeeze, while stroking his shaft with my other hand and maintaining the luscious, wet pressure of my lips around his head.

I pulled back and let a pearly strand of his pre-come and my saliva stretch out between us.

"I'm gonna milk you dry," I whispered, watching him squirm.

"Oh fuck!" Nick exclaimed. Those seemed to be the only words he could muster.

He caressed my face as my hair spilled everywhere. I took another deep breath and devoured his dick, swallowing him until I felt his cockhead tap the back of my throat.

My husband and I have been playing these deep-throating games for years. I'm well aware that I can make him crazy by turning the game into tease and denial. When we get into a rhythm of face-fucking, I have tricks to keep him teetering on the edge if I so desire. But



that morning, we had little patience and were both craving release.

As our pace quickened, I teasingly tugged his scrotum. I knew Nick was close to climaxing, and I wanted to make the most of the experience. I intensified my suction and increased the volume of my moans. I wanted to hit him with unending waves of stimulation from the back of my throat, all the way to my lips.

When I heard him gasp and call my name, I knew he was about to shoot. I pulled back just a bit and let him ejaculate right on the middle of my tongue. I opened my mouth because I know he loves the visual effect of seeing his jizz and my spit mingling. I maintained eye contact with him as I closed my mouth and swallowed every last drop of his salty load.

“Baby, that was fucking amazing,” Nick said, sounding breathless.

I made a show of licking my lips. He pulled me up for a kiss. I noticed his organ was spent but still glistening with my spit. He caught me eyeing his junk and smirked.

“Give me a few minutes, and I’ll be ready again,” he promised.

“Good, because I want you to do me before I go to sleep—and you go to work,” I told him.

“Whatever my sweetie wants. I’m always happy to show my appreciation for a wake-up call.”

Nick kissed my neck and began sucking my tits. I closed my eyes, blissing out as he worked his way down between my legs. He zealously ate my pussy, and in no time, I was wracked by

thrilling orgasmic spasms.

Once we’d both recovered, we enjoyed a doggy-style fuck and finished with a shower. Nick then headed off to his job, and I drifted off to sleep.

When we talk about the secrets to a happy marriage, some folks have accused us of simply paying lip service. But they don’t know the half of it!

—A.C., via email

Ever experienced an incredible Thanksgiving-turkey mouth—the kind that cries out for stuffing? Tell us all about it. Mail your story to *Penthouse Letters*, Department SAW, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.



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THE ARRIVAL

After dipping my toes in the online BDSM world for a couple of years, I decided I wanted more than virtual play partners. So I began to network in earnest—basically like what you would do at a job fair or trade show, but with the intention of finding myself a real dominant who wanted to go deep with me. I wanted my first serious experience in the realm of kink to be not only red hot, but also open the door to new personal possibilities. Sure, I was nervous—as many new subs are—but my eagerness and excitement outweighed any anxiety. I knew I was ready. I wanted to be vulnerable; I wanted to surrender.

At the time, I was going on 25. I lacked relationship experience, but my job definitely made up the difference in my life. My substantial salary allowed me to play hard when I was done working. There were lots of long days. But who needs sleep? After one particularly stressful day, I decided to cruise a few lesbian bars in the city, even though I knew I'd encounter a mostly vanilla crowd.

During a recent business trip, I had hooked up with a cute blonde barista. I loved it and was definitely feeling my bi-curious side growing more pronounced. But it hadn't occurred to me that the universe was actually telling me I needed a *domme* instead of a dominant.

I stepped into a martini lounge favored by the city's sapphic citizens and surveyed the room. I wore a strapless knee-length cocktail dress that showcased my legs. I didn't even make it to the bar before a purple-haired beauty approached me and asked, "Are you here with anyone?"

"Not yet," I told her.

"I'm Ana," she said, extending her hand. I clasped it with one of my own and gave it a flirty squeeze as I introduced myself.

"Nice to meet you, Emmy," my new acquaintance replied. "Let me get you a drink."

Ana wore an off-the-shoulder black dress that hugged her curves and spike-heeled ankle boots. Her violet hair wasn't exactly a punk look; it was more pastel goth with a pinup vibe. If life were a noir film, Ana would be a '40s-inspired vamp

with a decidedly modern edge.

After around an hour of small talk—and a few rounds of cocktails—things were definitely heating up. We were sitting next to each other at a corner table, laughing and flirting, and then I felt Ana's hand stroking my thigh.

"I'm getting the impression you'd like to have some fun tonight," she said. "Am I being too forward—or am I correct?"

I laughed nervously and told her, "I like it when people are forward. I would like some fun. I'm glad you brought it up."

Under the table, her hand dipped beneath my dress.

"Well," Ana said, "I'm pleased you feel that way. I'm very, very forward. In fact, I like giving orders."

I couldn't hide my ecstatic reaction, and Ana smirked as she registered my look of

"Ana gave my butt another SWAT and spread my ass cheeks wide for inspection."

unabashed enthusiasm.

Leaning closer, she whispered, "I'm happy you're so receptive."

"I am," I confessed breathlessly.

"Downstairs there's a single-occupancy washroom. We're going to get up and go there now," she instructed. "You're going to walk in front of me, but I will direct you. Is that clear?"

Grabbing my purse, I stood and said, "Yes, ma'am."

"Good," Ana answered. "Eyes forward, head up. Now go!"

I made my way through the bar, half expecting people to stop and stare at us, but no one did. Ana's left hand rested squarely in the middle of my back. That subtle gesture of possessiveness sent

anticipatory goose bumps down my spine and chilly pings to both of my nipples.

I was hers.

We made it to the bathroom. Much to my pleasant surprise, it was hardly a sad single-person toilet stall. Rather, this was a well-appointed room with a blush velvet couch, a huge makeup vanity and a beautiful glass washbowl sink. A toilet and a bidet were off to the side, but it felt like a master suite—minus the bedroom.

Ana locked the door behind us and said, "Let's not waste any time. Put both hands on the wall and spread your legs."

"Are you going to frisk me?" I asked jokingly.

"Don't be such a smart-ass," Ana said, administering a corrective slap to my bottom. "Go on," she added firmly without raising her voice.

My mind had been racing in a million directions at 1,000 miles an hour. But when she slapped me and reiterated her order, the universe slowed to a crawl. I took a deep breath and did as Ana had instructed.

Once I had assumed the position, she stepped behind me as if she were inspecting me. And then without warning, she hiked up my dress and yanked down my lace thong panties. She helped me step out of them and then tossed them aside.

"Stay focused," Ana instructed. "I'm going to warm you up."

"What does that mean?" I asked, looking over my shoulder. "I'm new to this."

"I'm going to get your juices going, and then we'll see what happens," Ana said. "Do you like being spanked?"

I blushed and said, "I think I do."

"Excellent," Ana said, giving me another slap on my rear. Then she pulled down the top of my dress and cupped my tits with her cool hands. I shivered as she licked my neck and whispered in my ear, "Do you like having your nipples pinched?" I groaned in response, and Ana gave each of my nipples a sharp tweak. She continued, "And I bet you love being fucked."

"Oh yeah," I moaned.

"You want to get fucked in your pussy?"

"Yes, please!" I begged.



“And what about your ass, hmm? You like being fucked there? Have you tried it?”

I felt my cheeks heating up, and I was sure I was blushing. I shyly answered, “Yes, I love getting my backdoor fucked.”

Ana gave my butt another swat and spread my ass cheeks wide for inspection. She said teasingly, “You have very nice little holes, and you’re so very wet.”

Her finger glided between my labia and tickled my clit, but only for a brief second, which left me in utter torment.

“Oh please,” I moaned.

“Please what?”

“Please,” I pleaded, exhaling and feeling a combination of vulnerability and lust hit me at once. “I really need to come.”

“I bet you do,” Anna whispered in my ear. She pinched my nipples again and added, “But you’ll fucking do it on my timeline. Is that clear?”

I nodded. As much as I craved my release, I also wanted badly to be a good girl and obey her. Our little scene was the hottest thing I’d ever done.

I heard a buzz and briefly looked back to see Ana holding a small vibe that she must’ve pulled from her purse. She teased my slit with the toy and glided forward until she nudged my clit, making me cry out and rise on my tiptoes.

Ana slapped my ass again and demanded, “Stay focused. Keep your

position. No moving without permission.”

I moaned and tried to obey, but as she continued to tease me and the pleasure kept building, it was definitely no small feat to remain still. She had to correct me several times, which made my predicament even hotter.

“I think you need a firmer hand,” Ana said. “You’re like a little cat in heat.”

I snuck another quick look at Ana and saw her pull a latex glove and a small tube of lube from her purse. She made a show of putting on the exam glove and coating her fingers with goo.

“What are you going to do?” I asked, even though it was pretty obvious.

“I’m going to get a handle on you.”

With her non-gloved hand, she held the vibe at the ready. I gasped as I felt her lubed fingers poke and prod my hot pussy. She honed in on my entrance—and worked three fingers inside me.

“Oh fuck,” I gasped, wiggling my hips and loving the sensation of my muscles clenched around her digits.

“That’s a good little slut,” she hissed, while continuing to slide her fingers in and out of my snatch.

Next, she touched the buzzing vibrator to my clit. She finger-fucked me and teased me with the toy, and it didn’t take long for me to feel my orgasm building.

“Let’s see if you can take another finger.

You want that,” she stated boldly.

“Oh yes!”

Ana pulled back. She removed her three digits and then slowly re-introduced every finger from her index to her pinkie, leaving her thumb to graze my asshole.

“You ready to come for me now?”

Ana asked.

I nodded frantically and told her, “Please! Oh fuck—I need to come.”

No one had ever filled me up like that—nor did I ever imagine how pleasurable it could be!

“I want you to squirt for me,” she said.

“I want to see a puddle on the floor when you’re done coming.”

I didn’t know if I could, but with Ana anything felt possible.

She brought the vibe back to my clit and turned up its speed. My knees buckled, but she persisted until my climax couldn’t be stopped.

As waves of pleasure overtook me, I felt my pussy spasm around Ana’s fingers. It was one of those orgasms that made my ears ring and caused me to see stars. Only after the fact did I notice the wetness coating my thighs and the tiny puddle of joy juice on the marble tile below.

“Good girl,” Ana said, withdrawing her hand and tossing the glove in a trash can.

Still panting, all I could do was smile. I cleaned up and straightened my clothes, so the only hint of our encounter that remained was my rosy post-orgasmic glow.

“Your cheeks look adorable flushed,” Ana said.

I felt suddenly shy, but I managed to step closer and give her a kiss.

She once again reached into her purse, but this time she pulled out a business card.

“I expect you to report to my dungeon at 7 p.m. sharp this Friday—if you’re interested,” she said.

“Oh, I am.”

“I expect you to return the favor—and then some.”

I knew that wouldn’t be a problem and told her so.

Without further ado, the purple-haired vixen exited the washroom. I was filled with renewed desire and anticipation. But there was something else, too—a feeling that I had finally arrived.

—E.N., San Francisco, Calif.



GRADE-A KINK

Recently, my husband and I stayed with family in my childhood home. I love my relatives, but they can be a lot—as Dirk well knows. He also knows a guaranteed tactic to snap me out of my malaise whenever I’m feeling down, which can happen during these visits.

One evening, everyone else had cleared out of the house for a few hours, giving me and Dirk some precious time alone. Usually, we save our power play for our place, but he was feeling frisky.

“We may not be at home, but we can still have some fun,” Dirk teased.

He walked around my old bedroom, which was still packed with items from my past. His eyes swept over every exposed surface. He was clearly casing the space. He paused when he reached the shelf that held my school awards and fingered the fringe at the ends of the graduation honor cords that hung there.

He took down the ropes and said, “I can use these.”

He continued to my vanity, where my sorority paddle was propped against the mirror. He picked it up and appeared to test the weight of it.

“This will do nicely, too,” he said. “Let’s take this for a test drive.”

Putting down the ropes, he grabbed the bench tucked under the vanity and bent me over it. My hips rested comfortably on the tufted seat. Dirk had made sure to position the bench alongside the vanity, allowing its tilted mirror to provide an unimpeded reflection of the scene that was about to unfold.

“I’m so glad I caught you after your shower,” he said, letting his fingers dance along the hem of my short robe. He lifted up the material to reveal my bare backside.

“Very nice,” he whispered. His finger traced each cheek. I couldn’t be sure,

but it felt like he was drawing a massive heart. “Beautiful as always, but I do prefer to see a rosy blush blooming on your cheeks.”

Dirk’s hand retreated and was replaced by the cool touch of glossy wood. He smoothed the paddle over the curves of each cheek like he was frosting a cake with a spatula. Eventually, he slipped the edge of the paddle inside my asscrack. He ran up and down the patch of skin between my pussy and asshole. When pure, sweet arousal wept from my core, Dirk used the paddle to spread the slippery liquid all over my cunt lips.

After my sex was thoroughly glazed with my own juices, Dirk moved the paddle back to my ass and smeared my honey on my puckered hole.

“Remember,” he said. “Tonight, I enforce the rules.”

He lifted the paddle and brought it down on one butt cheek.

“Oh!” I cried out.



To my own ears, I sounded surprised—as if I had no idea the wooden implement could deliver a sharp dose of delicious pain.

“Count for me, baby,” Dirk ordered.

“One,” I gasped.

The paddle came down again, this time on my other cheek.

“Two!” I shouted.

“Not so loud,” Dirk chided. “I know we’re alone for now, but you should keep the volume down—just in case.”

He dangled a pair of my worn panties in front of my face, holding them close enough for the delicate fabric to brush against my lips. The familiar scent of my pussy flooded my senses.

“Of course,” he continued, “if you get too loud, I know how to quiet you.”

The implication was clear. It wouldn’t be the first time Dirk had tucked a pair of panties in my mouth to muffle my screams, and it likely wouldn’t be the last.

“Yes, Sir,” I whispered.

Tempering my reactions wasn’t easy, but it was rewarding. Instead of my excess energy being released, it buzzed inside me and made my whole body hum.

Pushing boundaries is a large part of the fun of our kinky play. I knew Dirk really didn’t expect complete silence—especially since I’m a saucy little sub. He sets rules knowing I try to find ways to test his limits, which is kinda the point. I get a little out of line, and my husband doles out his special brand of discipline.

So instead of calling out the count for his third slap on my ass, I held up three fingers.

“Very resourceful,” he said. “But what will you do after ten?”

I turned my head to glance at the mirror. Instead of lifting the paddle high, Dirk switched to an underhand approach. He flicked his wrist again and again, tap-tap-tapping the paddle against my skin until my rear seriously stung.

By the time we did reach ten, I’d long since given up on finger-counting. I simply couldn’t move as quickly as my exacting master. I clenched my teeth and hissed out every number. I also took care to keep my voice low.

After delivering the final slap, Dirk discarded the paddle and inspected his

handiwork. I watched his movements in the mirror. He brushed his thumb over one particularly tender spot on my rear and chuckled when I flinched. He placed a tender kiss atop the swath of smarting skin and soothed the sting away.

"Forgive me, darling?" he asked.

"Always," I replied.

The truth is there was nothing to forgive. I loved every second of that spanking as the pain also provided a special sort of pleasure. I'd gladly take a flogging, too, if only to find myself in his arms afterward, sated and centered.

My husband walked around to the front of the bench and helped me up. After I'd risen to my full height, he met my gaze and asked, "Are you ready to behave?"

Every hair on my arms and neck stood on end as electricity crackled between us. I licked my lips and nodded.

A sexy glint sparkled in his eyes, signaling his pleasure.

"Please," he gestured to the bench. "Have a seat."

I did as I was told, brushing my breasts against him as I passed in front of him. I gingerly landed on my tender rump. As I descended, I was careful not to break eye contact. I enjoyed watching Dirk's reactions, noting even the tiniest of tells which showed me he was having fun, too.

The coquettish look in my eyes undoubtedly exposed my impure thoughts because an amused smirk tugged at the corners of his lips.

Rather than cross my legs upon sitting, I opened them wide.

"You are a tempting minx," he said. "But you know I like to play before jumping into the action."

That's when he picked up one of my honor cords. He tightly wound the golden rope around my torso and breasts, creating a figure-eight pattern. The pressure was intense. The slippery braid was unyielding. The rope almost mimicked the effects of unrelenting fingers firmly squeezing my breasts. Dirk tied the ends into a simple knot and rested their tasseled tips in the valley between my tits.

"What a pretty picture," he said, sounding very full of himself.

Dirk traced along the edge of the rope with the pad of his index finger. His

lightly callused digit scraped against my satiny flesh, making me shiver. He followed the path he'd taken to bind my boobs, then he moved on to my nipples. My sensitive buds were already erect with arousal and begging to be touched. Their appearance didn't escape my husband's notice. Dirk tweaked both nipples, pinching them harshly.

"Ah!" I cried out.

The feeling of the snug ropes binding my breasts combined with the sharp bites of pain Dirk delivered to my nipples. Heat and erotic agony blossomed into

**"His cream filled
me up and
overflowed,
drenching the
bench beneath me."**

an explosion of sensations, which thrilled me. He knelt before me with a look of growing hunger in his eyes.

"Let me kiss that pain away," he suggested.

I liked the sound of that.

The tease used his lips to caress every inch of my exposed chest—except for my nipples. What started with one kiss led to two, then three—and many, many more. Just when I thought I might combust from my fiery anticipation, he gently took one of my nipples between his teeth and repeatedly flicked his tongue over it, making me sigh.

He pulled back to say, "I expect your pussy to be even more succulent."

It wasn't easy to keep myself in check, but I managed to whisper: "As you wish, Master. See for yourself."

I laid my palms flat on the bench and tilted my hips to better expose my pussy lips, and Dirk emitted a low, guttural growl.

He dipped his head and feasted on my sex, fueling my arousal through his purely animalistic actions. Somehow, I

swallowed the sounds of my pleasure, even when Dirk ferociously tongued my clit and massaged my G-spot with his fingers.

When I came, I bit back my moans, but I couldn't stop myself from releasing one final sigh of satisfaction.

That's when Dirk lifted me up. He took my seat on the bench and swung me around, so I landed in his lap. He locked eyes with me as he pressed my dirty panties to my lips. I dutifully opened my mouth, allowing him to gag me with the pussy-perfumed fabric.

"You've tried so hard to be good," he said. "But I prefer to play it safe."

I pursed my lips and nodded. Though I knew he would have silenced me no matter where or when we were playing. He was just looking for an excuse, and I was pleased he'd found one.

"Now, let's see how wet your pussy is," Dirk announced. He swiped his fingers along my gash, spreading my honey along my slit and added, "Very nice."

Shortly afterward, he stripped—and replaced his thick fingers with his even thicker erection. He coated his crown with my juice and rammed his rod into my cunt.

It's a good thing Dirk had put those panties in my mouth because once he started pumping, there was no holding back my screams. His thumb circled my clit while we fucked, adding an extra layer of sensation to an already mind-bending experience.

My second orgasm was even stronger than the first. My pussy grew so tight that within seconds, Dirk fell apart, too. His cream filled me up and overflowed from my snatch, drenching the bench beneath me.

Eventually, Dirk removed his decorative bondage, and we had a perfectly vanilla night together. But you can be assured I'll never forget the time we graduated to that level of play.

—R.Y., Columbus, Ohio

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THE CONTRACT

A devious domme draws up an agreement, which enslaves her horny hubby, and her wicked friend joins the fun.

BY RICHARD CHARBONNEAU

Sara and I had been talking about the ins and outs of actually “owning” someone. This, of course, was of great interest to both of us, being longtime S&M enthusiasts. Occasionally living out submissive fantasies was fine, but I wondered what it would feel like to actually be possessed by another human being. We discussed the concept in depth over drinks.

I mused aloud about how to manage such a thing. My wife is a paralegal, so she approached the matter from a very logical angle.

“What about a contract?” she proposed, tapping her lower lip with a pencil. “One that lays out the dominant’s rights and the sub’s rights, and what both of them can expect.”

The idea wasn’t exactly original, but I liked it. Sara turned her smoldering eyes on me and flashed a wicked smile.

“Let me see what I can come up with,” she said.

And that was it for a while. We put on a movie and didn’t talk about the idea anymore that night. I have to admit I was more than a little aroused—as I always was whenever the conversation turned to control and discipline of a man by a woman. We hadn’t talked about this contract scenario being an exclusively femme domme thing. But given my own predilections, it’s not surprising that’s the shape it took in my mind.

Sara and I had been playing for years. In fact, we’d met online in a female domination chatroom. On the surface, our marriage was the very model of equality. But underneath it all was a firm conviction that in any man-woman relationship, it was the gal who had the upper hand. My fantasies were always 100 percent lurid, filled with images of a lovely but stern mistress standing over me with a whip in hand and her high-heeled foot planted firmly on my crotch. How would such an idea work in a real-life 24/7 scenario? It was a deliciously intriguing question.

About a week or so later, Sara came home from work with a big, sexy smile on her face and immediately began digging in her briefcase. In a moment or two, she pulled out a rumpled sheaf of papers.

“Wait’ll you see this,” she proclaimed.

She presented me with a slave contract, all printed out, with places for both of our signatures. There were a few addendums and corrections made in ballpoint pen. It seemed to cover multiple contingencies.

“Read it,” Sara commanded. “All of it.”

Getting through the whole thing took nearly an hour, though I’ll admit I went over several parts very slowly. It made for intriguing reading. Its style was classic legalese, but Sara had peppered it with rather specific and spicy terminology. The document basically gave the Owner (Sara) complete and unlimited dominion over the Owned Party (guess who?). In consideration of this, she would function not only as Owner, but as educator and caregiver for the party of the second part, ensuring he was the best piece of male property he could possibly be. I think a little judicious quotation is in order here, to give you a better understanding of the document’s tone:



"The Owner will regularly tease the SWOLLEN, HAIRY BALLS of the Owned Party until they are achingly full of come and ready to fucking explode. She will stroke and caress the aforementioned BALLS until the Owned Party is ready to take leave of his fucking senses, but under no circumstances will she allow the Owned Party to climax or blow his nuts until the situation provides her with maximum amusement. At such time, she will endeavor to push the Owned Party's climax to its maximum conclusion, getting his hot spunk all over his crotch and forcing him to cry, 'For you, Mistress!' no fewer than three times."

Here's another bit I particularly liked:

"The Owned Party will on a daily basis see to the Owner's hygiene and general well-being. He will, for example, provide oral cleansing of her beautiful, royal feet, taking particular care to lick them clean of each bit of funky toejam accumulated between her weensy and oh-so-kissable piggies. The Owner's PLUMP ASS and HOT PUSSY also fall under this clause,

particularly when they are at their most delightfully malodorous. The Owned Party shall do all in his power to get those tasty parts as clean as humanly possible. It shall be up to the Owner's discretion to whale on his naughty slave-butt should she determine he has done less than his level best to destinkify her lady parts."

Curling up on the sofa next to me, Sara urged, "Sign it. I wrote it with the girls over lunch today, and they all made me promise I'd take pictures of it with my phone and send a copy to each of them. Remember Claudia?"

"Oh, sure," I said casually.

Claudia was a particularly hot colleague of Sara's from Norway, who I'd always not-so-secretly had the hots for.

"Well, she specifically wanted a pic of you signing it, in addition to a copy of the document," Sara crowed. "She was the one who put in the stuff about cleaning my stinky feet with your tongue, so don't disappoint her."

Claudia being witness to my

humiliation—even in the most abstract, written form—gave me an instant hard-on, and the idea of her "making" me clean Sara's tootsies nearly made me swoon.

"Do you have a pen?" I asked quickly.

Of course, she did.

Needless to say, we fucked like bunnies that night. Sara favored my naked body with slaps and the most sexy, vicious bites you can imagine. I fell asleep with a hard cock and dreamt of all the ways she would put me through my paces, pushing me to my most extreme limits.

But the next day—much to my disappointment—brought no new sexual experiences. Sara and I went to work as usual, met for dinner at a local bistro, and then cuddled on the couch while watching TV till bedtime. It was all very pleasant, but I kept expecting my "owner" to make some kind of advance. After all, the contract stated specifically that the "period of ownership" would begin immediately upon signing. When two more days passed with a similar



lack of action, I asked her about it. She gave me an odd look over the top of her glasses. After fetching her copy of the contract from our home office, she scanned it briefly and read: "The period of ownership will begin immediately upon signature, but all activities will occur at the Owner's discretion."

My cruel wife gave me a gloating smile.

"So, in other words," she said, "you get what you get, and you don't get upset. Now, unless I'm mistaken, there are dishes in the sink that need washing."

This was not good news. Sara was very patient. She had to have some reason for withholding her "favors," and I knew she would continue to do so until she was good and ready to mix things up. In the meantime, I would be forced to stew and likely endure (admittedly lovely) vanilla sex, while dreaming of spankings and the pleasures of worshipping her pussy, ass and feet.

As I'd mentioned, I'd read over the contract. But I didn't remember anything in the wording about the fun beginning at the "Owner's discretion." Finally, I dug out my own signed copy. But there it was in my wife's handwriting. Sara had initialed it, but when I asked about it later, she said, "Oh, you didn't need to initial it. I put that in before you added your signature."

Of course, the document was just a silly game between a husband and wife. It was in no way legally binding as far as the real world was concerned. Yet it was the basis of our particular kinky shenanigans. If I protested, I would just look petty. I decided to leave the whole thing alone and see where things went. But after another few dry days, I began to fantasize about scenarios based on the document's wording. One evening, while indulging in a hot shower I took matters into my own hands. Remembering several of the document's more delectable passages, I fondled myself. It felt so good I simply stood there playing with my cock in a state of complete oblivion. I was almost at the point of coming when Sara flung open the shower door.

"Well, well, well," she said. "I see someone has forgotten the rule about the Owned Party not pleasuring himself

without his owner's permission."

"I'm s-sorry," I stuttered. "I couldn't help myself."

Sara took hold of my still erect cock and pulled me—gently, but firmly—out of the shower and into our adjoining bedroom. Unsurprisingly, she had a copy of the contract waiting for my inspection. Even more unsurprisingly, it specified the Owned Party would be subject to any punishment the Owner deemed fit—especially for unauthorized masturbation sessions.

"So, you're going to punish me?" I asked, somewhat breathlessly.

"You bet," Sara said, leering at me lasciviously. "That's the rule, after all.

"The gals got on either side of me and took turns giving me a tag-team blowjob."

Now get on the bed right this instant."

I obeyed. My dick remained hard, and I was as horny as hell. I was also still naked. I spread myself out on the mattress. Sara pulled our favorite restraints from her dresser drawer. Soon, I was bound and utterly helpless. Then she padded out of the room, leaving me in an aroused and agitated state. I wriggled around on the bed, but I couldn't free myself. My throbbing cock was embarrassingly erect. Small, fleeting itches kept crawling over my skin, and the sensation was maddening.

When Sara finally returned, she carried a bowl filled with water and ice cubes. I groaned because I knew all too well what was coming; she had used this trick on me before. She sat down on the bed beside me, keeping one of her hands submerged in the frigid liquid. She chatted with me about this and that—stuff about work and the

news—nothing sexy at all. When my patience was almost at its end, she took her freezing hand from the bowl and caressed my hot cock with her chilled fingertips.

Gasping sharply, my pelvis jerked upward. Her hand was really, really cold. It was enough to make my swollen balls want to retract completely into my body. Her devious act was a torment that seemed to have no end. I begged my wife to give me a break, but mercy was not forthcoming.

"Sorry, sweetie," Sara said tauntingly. "You're the one who broke the rules."

"But, but I didn't know they WERE rules!" I whined.

"You knew. Don't be such a baby," she lectured. "What did you expect would happen if you played with your peepee without your owner's permission? You think I'd just let that slide?"

Fair point, but it didn't make my situation any more bearable. And Sara made it even worse by sexing up the procedure. She kissed my nips, my ears and my lips, getting me hotter and hotter, while continuing to tease my junk with her cool hand.

Had her fingers not been iced from the get-go, I probably would have climaxed in short order—and gotten myself into even more trouble. But her frosty touch numbed the pleasure in my nads. Being bound as I was, there wasn't a single thing I could do about it. She eventually freed me—without letting me come—and I was nearly delirious with want.

By the end of the next week, I was one sad submissive. Sara seemed to be enjoying her cruel game. I had all but given up on the prospect of enjoying being her "property." However, our sex life soon took an intriguing turn.

"The girls are coming over," Sara curtly announced one Saturday morning. I simply nodded in response. It wasn't unusual for her to have her colleagues from the firm over on weekends. Naturally, refreshments were required, and naturally, I'd be the one preparing them. I didn't need Sara to show me the contract's addendum about the Owned Party being required to produce snacks on demand. I took to the kitchen with my phone, so I could refer to my favorite recipe website and get to work.



The handful of guests started arriving in the afternoon. All of the women knew about the games Sara and I played, but I didn't greet them in a dog collar or anything like that. I wore a neat, casual outfit and passed around trays of hors d'oeuvres. Still, there was an undeniable frisson of sex in the room as those professional ladies ogled at me. I imagined they were thinking about all the kinky things their friend Sara and her husband got up to when no one was watching. I could practically see the dirty thoughts flashing in their eyes.

Elegantly dressed Claudia commanded most of my attention. She was the Nordic goddess of my dreams—tall and just curvy enough. Her long ash-blonde hair was cut in a stylish bob. Her eyes were a frosty blue—nearly gray—and she had long, flirtatious lashes. The way she watched me with those cool, powerful eyes had me shivering with excitement. I felt like a virtual insect pinned under her unyielding gaze. Sara couldn't help but notice this and smirked through the initial stages of her soiree. As for me, I obediently took drink orders, presented delectable snacks and nursed my naughty daydreams.

As the afternoon wore on, the guests began to drop away, each saying her goodbyes until only Claudia was left.

"Now that it's just us," Claudia said in her husky voice, "tell me what you have poor Richard doing all day." She reached out and drew a long fingernail over the bulging fly of my trousers. I was startled but managed not to jump—and I was exceedingly glad I didn't come in my pants.

"Oh, you remember what the contract specifies," Sara said casually, picking up the document from a nearby table. "It's all written down here. He does anything I want, basically. He takes care of our home and is required to sexually service me on demand. But I realized if I think of something new or particularly delicious that I'd left out, all I have to do is mark it down as an addendum. The little bugger can't help himself—he always agrees to my terms. Isn't that marvelous?"

"Brilliant," Claudia said approvingly. She reached out and took the contract from Sara's hand. "Oh yes, I do remember all of these charming requirements," she said, looking over

the papers. "Yes, here's the part about licking your nasty feet."

Sara laughed good naturedly at this little jibe as I self-consciously stared at the floor. I noticed both women's feet were encased in stylish leather shoes. I wished they would ask me to lick their toes. As though reading my mind, Claudia said, "I do like that you reserve the right to revise the agreement." She reached into the inner pocket of her suit jacket and produced an exquisite fountain pen.

Our regal guest said, "If you wanted him to, say, lick my feet, all you'd have to do is write: 'The Owned Party shall be forced, at the Owner's whim or that of

"With a groan, I released jets of jism, and Claudia swallowed every drop I had to give."

her associates, to lick, suck and orally clean Claudia's pretty feet as long as Claudia deems appropriate."

I gulped as Claudia scribbled the words she'd just said on the paper. I couldn't believe what was happening!

"Yes, exactly like that," Sara gushed. My wife motioned for me to initial Claudia's statement, and I obeyed with my cock throbbing.

"Well, then," Claudia said to me. "You'd better get to work, Richard. And, by the way, I deem it appropriate for you to worship my feet for 20 minutes at the very least!"

I glanced at Sara and was delighted when my wife shrugged in mock resignation. I got on my knees before my auxiliary mistress. With the utmost care, I slipped off her exquisite shoes and suppressed a moan of longing. Claudia's feet were bare underneath, long and pale with expertly pedicured nails and perfumed with the most

delicious smell of sweat. I pressed my lips to her warm skin, and with closed eyes, I kissed and licked her foot with abandon. My cock was achingly hard and seemed to grow even more so as I dragged my tongue along each of her soles.

As Claudia cooed dirty endearments, I dutifully put in my 20 minutes of foot worship under the women's watchful eyes. My imperious wife and her bossy friend were studying my every move, and that knowledge stoked the flames of my lust.

Once our guest was content with my work, she eased me back onto my haunches by pushing on one of my shoulders with her free foot.

"Sara, I think he's been such a good little bad boy. Doesn't he deserve a reward?" Claudia proposed.

I stopped myself from shouting out a jubilant, "Yes!"

My eyes were doubtlessly filled with longing as I gazed at my gorgeous tormentors.

Finally, my wife replied, "I think you're right, Claudia. All work and no play doesn't make for a happy slave."

Sara urged me to strip and sit on the couch. The gals got on either side of me and took turns giving me a tag-team blowjob. They worked so well together, I nearly asked if they'd previously shared peen. But I wisely kept my mouth shut and let me eyes drift closed. I didn't know whose mouth and hands were doing what. I simply surrendered to the exquisite joy of two women eating me alive.

At one point, Sara rose and nuzzled my neck. I smelled her familiar perfume and opened my eyes to look at her. With her hair mussed and her lips looking swollen, she seemed sexier than ever. She leaned in close just as Claudia deep-throated my dick, and whispered in my ear, "Come for your mistress. Give her all your hot cream."

With a groan, I released jets of jism, and Claudia swallowed every drop I had to give.

I've always been a slave to my passions, but now I'm even more thrilled to be a slave to my wife. I'll gladly sign myself over to her—and her equally beautiful friends—for the rest of my days. 



SLEEK

SHE'S A SHEER DELIGHT!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MS. SANDS



“HOSE ME!”

—NAOMI











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FUNNY BUSINESS

From our first date, I could tell Tina was ticklish—and not only that. She got a real sexual thrill from being tickled. That might seem like a funny observation to make about someone, but then I'm a funny guy. The friends who had set us up would say that about me all the time. I didn't know if Tina shared that opinion. But I sure got a few laughs out of her on the first night we met up.

We'd picked a little seafood place down by the water for our initial date. I was already seated and waiting by the time Tina arrived. She must have recognized me from our friends' description because she waved cheerily at me the moment she saw me, and I was happy to wave back. She had blonde hair in tightly curled ringlets and a sweet,

golden tan that went from her head all the way down to the tops of her feet in their loafers.

Those feet interested me immediately. As is the case with most ticklers, they were generally the first things I noticed on ladies. Unlike most of the guys who share my fetish, I wasn't so crazy about sandals or open-toed shoes; I liked the element of mystery loafers provided. But to my delight, all was revealed seconds later when Tina sat down and casually slipped off the shoes, baring her cute size sevens with their evenly sized, French-polished toes. I couldn't help but wonder how those feet would respond to a finger sliding over their arches.

I've been a tickle fan a good long time, as my previous girlfriends—and now my Tina—can attest. I love to tie 'em up, tie 'em down and tickle the daylights out

of them. Nothing nonconsensual—that's not my thing. I just love the sound of a woman's laughter. Best of all is a gal who likes taking it as much as I love dishing it out. They're not easy to find, though.

In any case, I thought Tina was a serious cutie and personable to boot. We started gabbing as soon as she sat down. It was like we'd known each other forever, and the way she giggled kept me curious about her ticklishness.

Soon enough, my curiosity was satisfied in the best possible way.

After dinner, we went for a walk along the boardwalk, talking about this and that. Eventually, we ended up down at the beach. It was a lovely night. No one was around, and the sand was soft and warm beneath our feet. Tina had already dispensed with her shoes, carrying them in one hand as we went on our way.

"I just love going barefoot," she purred, wriggling her toes under the sand. "If I could, I'd never wear shoes at all!"

"Is that a fact?" I asked. Then in a casual tone, I added, "So I guess you're not ticklish?"

All it took was the sudden, startled look that came over her pretty face to tell me my assumption was thankfully incorrect.

"What do you mean?" she asked with a slight giggle in her voice. She looked startled, but there was a certain eagerness in her manner as well.

"Well, you know," I said comfortably. "Some women are awfully sensitive on their bare feet. If they walk on concrete or wet grass or...well, sand, pretty soon they start laughing like crazy. They can't stand those different textures on their foot bottoms."

"Foot bottoms," she said, giggling again. "That's so cute. But no, I've never been all that ticklish."

"Not 'all that ticklish,'" I teased. "But you are...a little?"

"Well, if you're so interested, why don't you just try them out for yourself?" Tina said laughingly. She flopped herself down on a conveniently placed bench and stretched out her legs. Her sassy voice held a hint of challenge, but it also trembled slightly with excitement.

"Don't mind if I do," I said, not quite drooling. I seated myself beside her and almost groaned in pleasure as she slid her long legs and sweet, sandy feet into my lap.

Where to begin? I touched the tips of her toes with a careful finger, dislodging the grains of sand that covered them. Her digits flexed a little, and I could have sworn I heard a tiny whimper escape her lips. I felt my dick stiffening in my khakis. If I'd been in my apartment, I probably would have unzipped and taken matters in hand. As it was, I was at considerable pains to keep the bulge of my erection invisible. A couple of laughing coeds from the local university sashayed by us, and I felt instantly embarrassed as though my arousal were visible to them and everyone for miles around.

For her part, Tina was too busy hiding evidence of her own excitement, which took a rather different form than mine.

"Is that laughter I hear?" I asked in a flirty whisper.

"I don't know what you mean," she





sputtered. The corners of her lips were lifting to form a wide, helpless smile, and both of her hands were curled into fists.

"Then maybe we ought to take things to the next level," I said. I repeatedly flicked the ball of her foot with a quick left-to-right motion of my index finger. That did it. She squeaked and pulled both of her feet into her hands, laughing delightedly as she rubbed her toes.

"Oh God, no! That's the worst, right there!" she exclaimed.

We sat for a while as she massaged the tickle away, still chuckling softly. We didn't talk anymore about her ticklish situation, at least not that night. I didn't feel any need to push matters; I knew I had found the perfect gal.

We started dating pretty regularly after that. I got to look forward to seeing her lovely face every few nights—and her feet, too. I knew it was only a matter of time before we got into something a little more serious. It came about two months after our date on the water.

It was right after we'd finished having dinner. I'd suggested we head over to the movie theater, but I wanted to run back to my place first to grab a jacket. Tina was comfortable enough to come inside with me, and of course she ditched her shoes at my door.

Just as I was ready to go, she said, "So where's the dungeon?"

"The dungeon?" I asked, playing dumb. The truth was, I'd never had a dungeon before, or a playroom, or any other place in my home dedicated to fetish games. But if my lovely guest wanted one, I was certainly amenable to having one.

"Yeah," she said playfully. "You know, the tickle torture chamber."

"Well, a dungeon is where you make it," I said casually. "Where do you want it to be?"

She flung herself into my recliner and propped her feet up on the armrest. "I think I'd like it to be right here," she said with a smile.

I had a feeling we weren't going to the movies that night.

I went to the small room I used for storing hardware and fetched a coil of rope. It was soft and silky-smooth from a spin in the washing machine, and it was just waiting for some bedroom games. Before you could say "Tina has ticklish tootsies," I had my gal trussed up on the

floor. It was nothing elaborate. Basically, I tied her wrists behind her back and her feet at the ankles. She lay on her tummy with her feet resting on my lap. It wasn't quite a hog-tie, but a very passable imitation.

Tying someone up requires more talent than you might think, but with a little practice you, too, can be a rope-master!

"Oh God," Tina murmured, wriggling her toes. "You're gonna do it, aren'tcha? You're gonna tickle me."

I told her, "Yep, I'm gonna do it, all right. And I'm gonna start...right...now!"

She broke down laughing—not playful giggles this time, but real, helpless laughter that shook the walls. It was the byproduct of me digging my fingers between her adorable, ticklish piggies.

**"Let me tell you,
Tina's muffled yet
raucous laughter
felt mighty good on
my dick."**

But I had another surprise for her.

When I was in the utility room, I'd taken the opportunity to grab a small bag of items I'd had all too few occasions to use. The first little wonder I pulled out was a feather, a soft, sharp-edged beauty that had caught my eye at a crafts store. Tina was looking over her shoulder, watching me as best she could, and when she saw it she gasped, "Oh, no, not that!"

"Yes, indeed," I told her. I began drawing the feather between her toes and dusting her soft soles with it. The female foot is full of delicious tickle-spots, places the average person might not know. The very center of the ball of the foot, for instance, has a little place that will drive your victim absolutely crazy if you press the edge of your nail into it, particularly if you're also using a feather on her heels. A pretty pair of ankles can be amazingly sensitive, and

never forget the power of suggestion. For example, I zeroed in on a tiny birthmark on Tina's left foot, just by teasing her about it.

"I don't suppose this little spot right here is ticklish?" I pondered out loud.

I doubt Tina had ever even noticed that spot before. Suddenly, it was charged with sensation, and she was absolutely shaking with laughter when I caressed it.

"What? N-no! Oh God!" she howled.

"Oh yes, I think Mr. Feather wants to meet that little spot."

"Not Mr. Feather! Oh please, not that!" she wailed.

All of her protests were in jest. I could tell she was seriously thrilled by everything that was happening to her sweet feet.

Next, I grabbed a toothbrush from the bag, along with a travel-size bottle of baby oil. Tina's feet were already quite soft—she'd told me she enjoyed weekly pedicures—and the brush's bristles sliding over the oil drove her into hysterics. Finally, I plucked one last item from my bag of tricks.

"What's that?" she panted, turning her head as well as she could. "What're you...what you gonna do?"

A moment later her voice exploded into peals of hysteria as I deployed a small plastic toothpick—the kind with a bit of floss built into it. A lot of ladies find the prickings of the pick's sharp point cause surprisingly ticklish sensations. Tina certainly did as I tormented her tiny toes.

After a few minutes of gasps and whimpers, I showed some mercy.

"What's that?" I inquired gently as she uttered absolute gibberish. "I can't quite make out what you're saying."

Still breathing hard and with tears in her eyes, Tina made me an offer I simply couldn't refuse. A few minutes later, we changed position, so her pretty face was in my lap and my cock was in her mouth. I was able to easily provoke fresh laughter by pressing my fingers into her sides, and let me tell you, Tina's muffled yet raucous laughter felt mighty good on my dick.

It probably won't surprise you to hear Tina and I are still enjoying regular bouts of funny business. There's a lot to be said for a little tickle!

—B.S., Houston, Texas



DOUBLE TROUBLE

Having entered the unfamiliar basement café by chance, I came across some unusual sights. Sipping strong, bitter tea amid a clientele of bohemians, goths and general weirdos, I saw a man my age and build prostrate himself before a pair of gorgeous women who held court at the table in the rear.

The guy had pleaded his case, offering his “submission,” and the two women had grinned wickedly. Eventually, they told the man to get off the floor and come along. The whole café had watched and seemed to let out a collective sigh.

The scene remained burned in my mind. Although I hadn’t seen or heard anything explicit, I understood the intense sexual context. That man had gone off to be a sub to those imperious women.

I only knew about the submissive/dominant scene from what I’d read online and seen in video clips. I’d never had the chance to experience it firsthand, but the

very notion—the erotic philosophy behind it—aroused me on a level that was primal and profound.

I wanted to be dominated. And if my first experience could be domination by two beautiful, fearsome women, I would count myself a lucky man.

Even so, I had to work up the nerve myself before I could go back with intent. Doubts nagged me. Maybe that groveling man already knew those women. Maybe the whole thing was pretend, like performance art. Maybe if I tried abasing myself before them, I would only be humiliating myself—and not in any kind of fun way.

But every sexual venture has an element of risk. What I wanted I wanted very badly indeed. This was the murky side of sexuality, the dark erotic arts. Or maybe it wasn’t that at all. Maybe—probably—what I desired was perfectly natural, an impulse that had been in me all along. But society had shrouded it in taboo, causing me to ignore my lust.

Fuck it, I thought. I would enjoy the forbidden nature of it! Also, to be honest, the naughty aspect only turned me on more.

So I went back to the café with my balls tingling. When I saw the two women at their familiar table, I exhaled in relief. My cock also stirred in my jeans, and my tongue felt thick in my mouth.

I studied the pair for a moment. They were similar but distinct. Both looked lovely and were dressed in racy attire. The body language between them, the way they casually touched one another, told me how deep their connection went. I thought they must be serious partners in dominance. The idea left me breathless.

They surveyed the café. When their two sets of eyes fell on me, it was like physical contact. I felt the air crackle around me. With that, I squared my shoulders, marched toward their table and knelt. I dropped forward with my arms out and my forehead touching the



floor, like a true worshipper.

The café went silent, and I spoke my piece. I used some of what I'd heard the other guy say; the rest I improvised. I pledged my body to them. I promised I would do whatever they commanded. I begged them to accept my supplication.

An excruciating wait followed. I didn't dare raise my head. My pulse beat like thunder in my ears.

Finally, I heard their chairs scrape the floor. A booted toe nudged my ribs roughly.

"Get up, punk," one woman said. "You belong to us now."

I followed the women as they exited the café, my posture meek and my eyes downcast, like they'd captured me. My cheeks burned as the café's patrons stared, but I also loved the attention. Plainly these women had a reputation, and everybody knew I was being taken off to be punished or violated or otherwise tormented.

Some part of me expected to be spirited off to a dungeon. But I was brought to a bedroom in an apartment the two women obviously shared. Nevertheless, the assertive sexual vibe they gave off set the scene nicely.

One harshly said to me, "You don't wear clothes in our presence."

Hurriedly, I stripped. My cock sprang out fully hard, and I wondered desperately if that was some infringement of the rules of the house. The one who'd spoken so harshly stepped closer to me. Without warning, she gave my cock a sharp slap. The stinging blow surprised me, but the stern treatment made my dick grow even harder.

"Your cock is ours. We'll tell you what to do with it. And we'll tell you when to come. Understand?"

I nodded vigorously.

"Speak!"

"Yes, Mistress!" I blurted out, hoping to hell that was the right term of address.

She grinned, displaying a lovely hint of menace. In a softer tone, she said to the other woman: "Get yourself ready."

As that gal undressed, I surmised the cock-slapper was the chief dominator.

That was further reinforced when she took manacles out of a drawer and shackled my ankles, then bound my wrists behind my back. The cuffs were

padded, but the sense of restricted movement was utterly delicious. I knew instantly this was indeed what I'd wanted.

The naked woman climbed onto the bed. She lay back with her legs open, and I beheld the glistening groove of her pussy. My mouth watered, but I stood still, awaiting my orders.

"I'll show you how it's done," said the still dressed domme. She went to the bed and dropped her face between the legs of her lover.

It was a beautiful sight, pure living porn. I had a good angle on the action. I watched her tongue lapping up and down the other woman's damp cunt cleft. The beauty on the bed was

**"I did as I was told.
I ate that pussy
hard. I massaged her
clit with my tongue
tip."**

writhing, her face a mask of pleasure.

"Rebecca! Rebecca!" she called out. Her hips were bucking as she jammed her pussy against Rebecca's mouth.

The domme seemed to be drilling her playmate deep with her tongue.

My own muscles were tightly clenched as I instinctively strained against my bonds. My cock pulsed, and when I realized a drop of pre-come had leaked from my crown, I froze with sweet fear. Rebecca had told me I could only come when permitted. I hoped that little drizzle of pre-jizz didn't violate the rules.

My anxiety added to what was, for me, already a ferociously exciting moment. I knew my place, and I accepted and embraced it.

The woman on the bed squealed mightily and thrashed through an obviously potent climax. Rebecca straightened up and turned her blazing eyes on me. Her lips and chin were shiny

with copious amounts of pussy juice.

"You do the same," she said to me. "And you better fucking make her come!"

Moving in the ankle manacles was awkward, but I liked the semi-helplessness of it. Bending over with my arms bound behind me was also a challenge, but I carefully obeyed.

The naked woman's scent was intoxicating. With my face between her thighs, I feasted on her pussy. I licked her as Rebecca had. My tongue traced her slippery folds, causing her to squirm with pleasure. Her flavor was hot and urgent. I wasted no time in seeking out her clit. I had to make this woman come, and with my fingers unavailable, I had only my tongue to make that happen.

"Yes, punk! Tongue that cunt!" Rebecca demanded.

She followed up the words with an open-handed smack to my backside. Rather than pain, I experienced it as wildly tingling pleasure.

But of course, I did as I was told. I ate that pussy hard. I massaged her clit with my tongue tip until the woman was bucking as intensely for me as she had for Rebecca. Her honey coated my tongue, and I savored her taste.

A hand yanked me back. Rebecca had some strength. I gazed at the gal on the bed, who was sweaty and disheveled in a blissful way. I also noticed that in the interim Rebecca had both shed her clothes and gained herself a cock in the form of a strap-on dildo.

"Now, I'll show you how to fuck!" she said.

Rebecca drew the other woman to the edge of the bed. With what looked like a practiced movement, she slipped her faux cock into the gal's well-eaten pussy and began to pound her.

I'd never witnessed a strap-on in live action, and it was a lovely sight. Rebecca worked her hips and drove her artificial appendage in and out of her lover with ease. The woman, still unnamed to me, took each thrust with a visibly mounting pleasure. She must be seriously orgasmic, I thought.

Within minutes, Rebecca had driven her partner over the top yet again. With a victorious grin, she stepped back and turned to me to say, "You better fuck her good."

Again, it was challenging and joyful to



try to perform a sex act while shackled at the wrists and ankles. The woman on the bed helpfully took hold of my cock and guided it into herself. I planted my feet, found a new center of gravity and set off plowing away.

Once I started, it was easy. It was also extremely pleasurable, so much so that I had to check myself lest I shoot off without authorization. Rebecca loomed behind me, once again spanking my butt.

The woman I was fucking met each of my unrelenting strokes by bucking her hips upward. She was starting to look tired, but ecstasy clearly still gripped her. I held her gaze as I sent her over the

moon with my energetic thrusts.

Next, Rebecca nudged me away, flipped the woman over and fucked her ass with her lubed-up rod. It was another lovely display. I hoped I'd get to ram my cock into her nether hole, too. But that wasn't what Rebecca had in mind.

Instead, she ordered me to bend over the bed and moved in behind me. Even before I felt her squirt lube on my asshole, I knew what was coming.

I'd never been fucked before. But I was immediately determined to see this through. I forced myself to relax and accepted the invasion. It still took time for me to adjust. To Rebecca's

credit, she didn't brutally slam into me. Soon, though, she was steadily reaming my rear.

The other woman sat on the bed, gazing down at me. I realized pleasure was blooming within me, something unexpected and powerful. My cock, which had wilted, quickly came back to full hardness.

The woman on the bed gave me a grin and mouthed: "Come."

I took that as permission and gave in to the sensations. I shot my jizz while Rebecca fucked my butt, and it was orgasmically glorious.

-E.L., Miami, Fla.



NET GAINS

Jeanne slid into the movie seat next to mine and handed me the popcorn. She leaned over and whispered, "Ready for this? I heard the sex scenes were H-O-T. Downright raunchy!"

Then she nipped my earlobe, and I felt the sensation go straight to my dick.

"I heard the same," I managed to say.

Her hand crept up my thigh toward my straining member, and she whispered, "Who knows? Maybe we'll get some ideas, lover."

We'd been dating for almost three years, and there was still never a dull moment with her. The sex was wild. She liked to travel, dance, listen to live music, and then...well, fuck some more. I didn't believe in perfection, but so far, she'd been the absolute perfect girlfriend.

The movie was fast-paced and bright. It was one of those neon lit, violence-laden, revenge-driven action flicks that made most people sit up and pay attention.

And yes, the screen sex was indeed raunchy, hot and plentiful.

During the scene where the female villain seduces the hero, she was wearing the strangest fishnet stockings I'd ever seen.

"The holes are so big," I whispered to Jeanne.

She laughed softly, her fingertips walking over my hardening cock. She'd been teasing me with gentle strokes up my leg the whole time. The vision of the tall, buxom brunette on the screen dressed in exotic hosiery and little else—combined with Jeanne's stroking hand—had my dick mostly erect.

"They're called fence nets," Jeanne said.

I winced, thinking she was teasing me.

"No, really," she added. "See, they look like the openings in a chain link fence."

And they did.

"Ah," I said, but my voice ended in a gurgle because she'd drawn my zipper down and slid her cool fingertips inside my fly. She stroked my rod until I gave up the fight and fully unfastened my pants for her.

We always selected spots in the very back, upper left of the theater, and no one ever sat with us. She clasped my freed cock and jerked me off as the villain

straddled the hero and rode him to their mutual ecstasy. When they came, I came—shooting my load into a clump of napkins.

Jeanne looked very smug.

An image of the villainous vixen in fence nets was burned into my brain. I couldn't shake it, and I didn't want to.

Later, I went online to look for the stockings, and it took me no time at all to find them. I bought ones with big diamond-shaped holes. They were just like those the sexy screen siren wore.

"What's this?" Jeanne asked when she spotted the package in our lobby mailbox.

"A gift," I said, snatching the envelope before my girlfriend could.

"For me?" she asked.

"Sort of."

"Hmm, sort of, you say. Interesting," Jeanne replied, truly sounding intrigued.

"I felt the fence net threads rubbing against my cock as I reamed her luscious cunt."

She followed me into our apartment and watched me like a hawk as I searched for scissors to open the package.

"Is it dirty?" she asked, bouncing on her toes.

"Kind of."

"Wow, you're a real straight shooter tonight," she teased.

I slipped the scissor's blade along the top of the packaging, carefully opening it. My mind kept showing me the stockings, the actors faux fucking and the fence net holes. I slid my hand in and pulled out the smaller plastic bag containing the stockings, which I handed to her.

"Straight shooting: I want you to put on these stockings, seduce me, and then let me fuck you senseless while you wear them," I said breathlessly.

Her cheeks flushed pink, and then she pulled out the stockings. They unrolled before my hungry eyes.

"I can totally do that, baby," she whispered.

I let out a long sigh of anticipatory bliss.

My cock was hard and throbbing. I wanted to bury it in her heat. I badly needed to fuck her.

Jeanne and I had been together long enough for her to read my face and know what I was craving. She held up the black stockings and said, "I'll go put these on." I attempted to speak, but she held up a hand and cut me off. "You don't get any input. If you behave, you can come watch me change."

My mouth snapped shut so fast I think it made a clacking noise, and my steely cock threatened to burst through my pants.

In the bedroom, I could tell she had an idea. Something seriously dirty was percolating in her beautiful head. Jeanne whisked off her tee, jeans and plain white panties. I was ready to take hold of her, turn her around and fuck her right then and there, but she gave me a warning look and I stayed put.

She slipped on high-cut lacy black panties, then a bra that matched. The hosiery went on next, and she tugged the stockings up before sliding her delicate feet into a pair of black heels. I thought I'd die from the sight of her.

She pulled her dark hair up into a sleek, high ponytail.

"Do I look villainous?" she asked coyly.

"Yes—and fucking hot. So fucking hot."

I thought she'd push me on the bed and straddle me, but instead she went past me to the walk-in closet and came out wearing my old trench coat.

"Let's go."

"Go? Where are we going?"

"Wherever I say we go," she said.

I let out a moan, wanting to peel her out of the coat and her lingerie—and pound her until I came.

She walked out of the room without a second glance.

At the front door, she handed me my car keys and said, "You're going to drive me around—and behave."

Behave.



She got in the backseat, which gave me pause. But I went with it.

Our course led us along the long, winding roads near our home. At that time of day, there were very few cars around. Eventually, she demanded I pull over.

On the side of the road, I looked in the rearview as she opened the trench coat. She ran her hands over her breasts and down her belly. As her hand fell below the view allowed by the mirror, I turned and looked over my shoulder. I watched as she then picked at the edges of her stocking like she was plucking at a spider web. The flat of her palm skimmed over the mound of her pussy, and I imagined the crotch of her black panties was moist and smelled of her heat and musk.

She rubbed her mound, and then stroked her clit through the panties. She raised her hips and kept her dark gaze locked on mine. Her finger swirled even faster over her panty-covered clit, her face a mask of pleasure.

And then a car roared past us on the road.

She sat up straight, closed the trench and said, "Drive."

I drove until we found another secluded spot, and then she had me pull over.

She opened the trench again and tugged her panties to the side. I situated myself to watch her once more and saw

her pink pussy lips crisscrossed by the woven strands of the tights. Black slashes across the wet center of my own personal villain.

Jeanne slid a finger inside her cunt. I groaned and watched intently. I wanted to eat her pussy through those threads. I wanted to fuck her through the fence holes.

She read my mind and cooed, "Take me home, lover."

I'd never been more relieved.

"I wanted to go longer, but I'm horny," she confessed. "Next time, we'll do more."

Next time...the promise of more lit me up inside.

At home, we barely made it to the settee.

"On your knees," she demanded,

shrugging off the overcoat.

I dropped like a stone, yanking at the oversized diamond pattern of the tights. I buried my face against her pussy, nudging her clit through the panties.

She practically snarled and pulled the undies to the side herself. I licked, sucked and swirled my tongue over her drenched pussy. When she came, her juices flooded my mouth, and she pulled my hair so hard that I groaned.

"Step back," she said breathlessly.

I obeyed.

She did a slow striptease. Shoes, hosiery and panties came off and were all tossed to the side. I was sad to see the hose go, but then she surprised me by tugging them back on and once more sliding her feet into the pumps.

She stood there in her bra, fence nets and heels.

"That's better," she said. "Now, are you going to fuck me or am I going to do it myself?"

I couldn't get my pants off fast enough.

She turned and put her hands on the wall, bracing herself. She spread her legs wide, her calves taut from the heels. She was an amazing spectacle. Sexy and in charge, and if I hadn't wanted to do her so badly, I'd have probably stood there for a very long time just ogling her.

I got in close, grabbed her hip and

"I grabbed the stockings and tugged. A few of the black strands broke with a soft ping."

slipped my digits beneath the black threads of her hose. Her skin was smooth and hot beneath my fingers. She pushed her ass back, and I jammed my cock between her thighs. Guiding my rod with my free hand, I finally managed to slide into her molten center. I had both hands on her hips, gripping and tugging at the hosiery, while I thrust into her eagerly. I felt the fence net threads rubbing against my cock as I reamed her luscious cunt.

"Rip them," she said.

"What? No!" I protested.

"Rip them, or we stop," she panted.

"Don't worry, you can buy me more. In all different colors."

I didn't want to rip them, but I kind of did. I grabbed the stockings and tugged. A few of the black strands broke with a soft ping, and then the hole was bigger and my access better.

"There you go," she said softly.

Jeanne pushed her body back, forcing her drenched pussy to completely engulf my aching member. I held the waistband of her stockings with one hand and her hip with the other. I enjoyed feeling the drag of those threads on my upper thighs as I resumed fucking her. My eagerness had overtaken me, and I knew I was going to climax before too long.

"I'm going to come soon. I'm going to come," I confessed.

Jeanne pushed her ass back, clenched her internal muscles around me and then she came herself. A rolling wave of spasms milked my cock as her pussy grew tighter and wetter.

"Fuck yes," I groaned. Three more pumps, and I was done. I let loose and filled her with my cream.

She rested her forehead on the wall and laughed softly before saying, "We should clean up. We have some shopping to do."

She turned to face me, pulled me close and kissed me hard.

"Shopping?" I asked, catching my breath.

"I need more fence nets," she whispered. She grabbed my cock and gave it a friendly squeeze. "In all the colors."

—M.D., Jackson, Miss.

Have you had a torrid tryst? Has your wildest fantasy come true or are you still planning out all the sexy details? We want to hear about it! Mail your kinky story to *Penthouse Variations*, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.



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